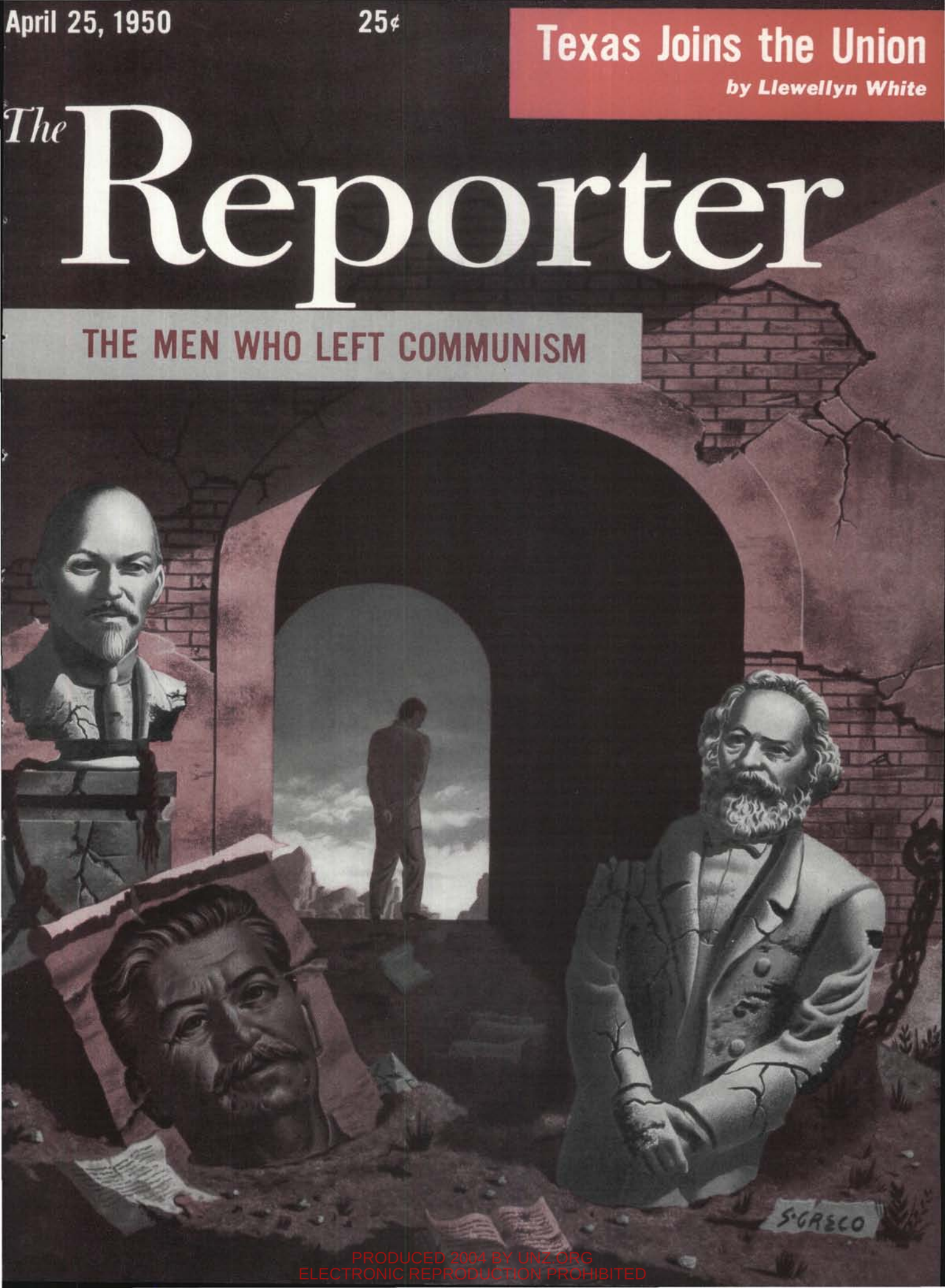
April 25, 1950 25¢

Texas Joins the Union

by Llewellyn White

The Reporter

THE MEN WHO LEFT COMMUNISM



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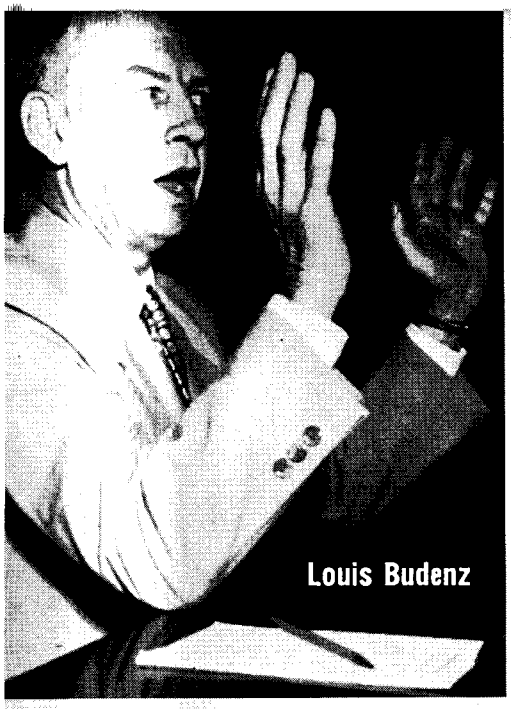
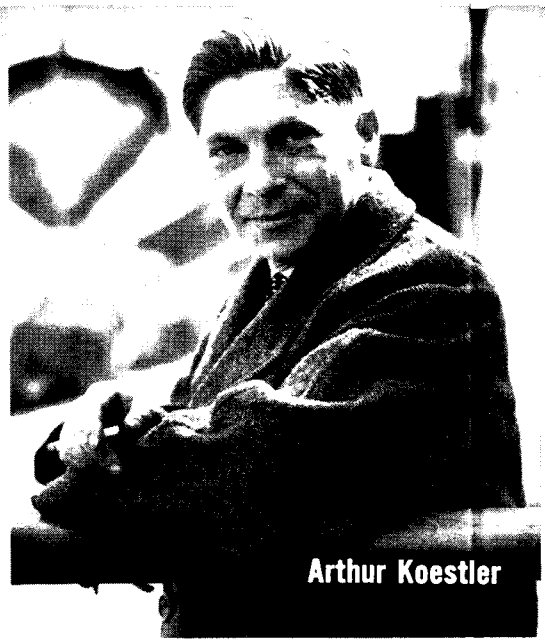
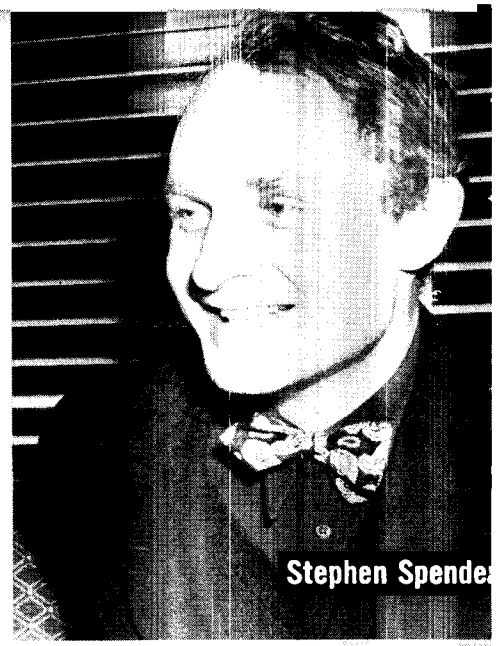
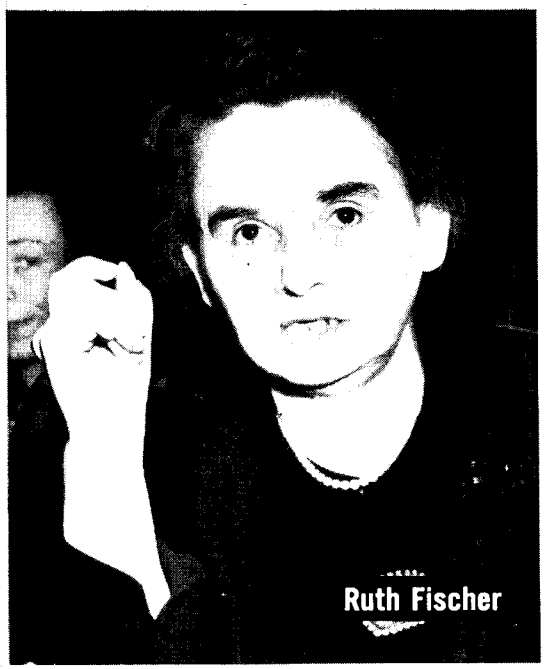

Louis Budenz


Arthur Koestler

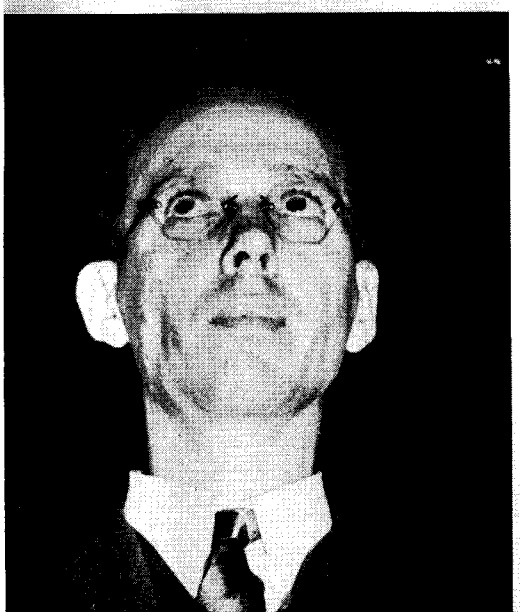

Stephen Spende

A Gallery of Ex-Stalinists

Ignazio Silone


Ruth Fischer

Traicho Kosto



László Raj

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The Reporter's Notes

Florida Politics

Senator Claude Pepper is fighting for his political life, the newspapers say, in the Florida primaries. Accused of being pro-Negro, he answers: "I don't believe in social equality." A front-page picture in an Orlando paper shows him shaking hands with a Negro woman. "It's a frame-up," he says. And he brandishes the birth certificate of his opponent: a man born, just imagine, in Atlantic City, New Jersey—a Yankee.

What else can he do, Pepper's liberal friends in the North say—what else can he do, if he is to be re-elected in such a state as Florida? Perhaps they are right, perhaps for an elected politician liberalism is a vacation between fatiguing electoral tournaments—or perhaps a liberal in Washington is a man who takes liberties with his constituency's mandate.

We hasten to say, however, that all these "perhapses" are entirely rhetorical, and that *The Reporter* believes nothing of the kind. Rather, we think, politicians are likely to be no better or worse on the national scene than they are on the stump. If they overact on their native grounds to be elected, they are likely to overact when, to sustain their national reputations, they advocate lofty causes.

Out of respect for Claude Pepper and the citizens of Florida, we prefer to believe that the Senator is speaking to his constituents from his innermost heart.

What's An Oath?

The Regents of the University of California, the largest in the world, have insisted that the faculty take a new anti-Communist oath. In vain the faculty members have protested that, as state employees, they have already taken an oath of loyalty to the state and the Federal Constitution. The Regents are adamant. Take this new oath, they say, or out you go.

In the faculty, there are a large number of men who take their own word seriously, whether sworn or not. Why, they say, should the faculty members be singled out as potential traitors to their country and be subjected to an oath that no other group of citizens is required to take?

But there must be men of broad practical experience in the faculty and certainly among the Regents. What's an oath, after all? You raise your hand, mumble something, and it's over. Or you sign your name at the bottom of a piece of paper. What's the fuss about?

In Fascist Italy and in Nazi Germany, professors, civil servants, and citizens of all kinds became accustomed to taking oaths without end, one after another. It was never considered a serious matter by realistic people. It was just a painless and gradual education to perjury.

Socialist Schizophrenia

In the last debate on the ECA the House slipped in an amendment that has passed almost unnoticed: ECA financial assistance, it says, should be used for "promoting industrial and agricultural production, increased productivity, freedom from restrictive business practices, and maximum employment."

Along the same line, Mr. Zellerbach, head of the ECA mission to Rome, recently made a speech bitterly attacking Italian monopolistic practices and calling for a program to increase both the purchasing power and the standard of living of the Italian people.

Presumably, these American declarations should please the European non-Communist Left, which has repeatedly denounced the ECA for assisting European monopolies and cartels. The intriguing thing, however, is that the tougher the United States gets with the monopolies, the less happy the European socialists seem to be. Apparently they don't want to break up monopolies; they would rather take them over, when the day comes, to fulfill Marx's prophecy. The European socialists don't seem to be able to make up their minds: They want to use democracy to achieve socialist goals, and while waiting for the socialist dream to come true they keep democracy at a standstill.

Subsidy Begets Subsidy

The ECA nations would like to buy $507 million worth of cotton next year; $201 million worth of coarse grain; and large quantities of tobacco, wheat, and other commodities which are piled high in surplus hoards. It will undoubtedly turn out that they will get all or most of what they want.

One thing must be granted to our present-day farm-subsidy program. It makes for international co-operation and international-mindedness. Our farmers get the money for the goods they grow; the needy people of the world get the goods. The major danger is that we will keep doing this, instead of attacking the causes that make both our farmers and the distressed people of the world chronic recipients of American subsidies.

This seems to be a pertinent thought, since the government announced recently that the American producers who might be adversely affected by increased foreign imports will receive some form of government relief. There is nothing wrong in this idea, for it is the function of democratic government to cushion the impacts of economic dislocations. But will this relief take the form of an enlarged Brannan Plan—the foreign and domestic products finding their price in the free market, while American producers get government checks to make up for the lost income?

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Correspondence

Congress and the Military

To the Editor: I was much interested in William H. Hessler's article in the March 14 issue. While I agree with a great deal of what he says, it seems to me that to a certain extent he misconceives the real issues. If it were only a question of "Louis Johnson vs. Congress" and if we could have any confidence that Congress is capable of exercising the sort of authority which Mr. Hessler would restore to it, our problems would be solved. But it is not that simple.

Mr. Hessler puts the crux of the matter clearly when he says: "If . . . a mass-annihilation strategy seems likely to be ineffective . . . we should re-examine and revise the policy which has carried us so far toward a doctrine of *Schrecklichkeit* . . ." Since 1945, Congress has been the Air Force's most powerful ally in pushing the nation down the road toward the strategy of *Schrecklichkeit*. It has consistently been far more hospitable toward appropriations for strategic bombing than for other (more onerous and troublesome) forms of defense. It was to Congress that the Air Force appealed over Secretary Forrestal's head in 1948. Mr. Hessler cites Secretary Johnson's use of "unprecedented authority to change the expenditures ordered by Congress" as an example of the dangerous attenuation of civilian control. He does not explain that the major change of this kind was the impounding of appropriations for "air power," which would have pushed us still farther into the *Schrecklichkeit* strategy.

Such a phenomenon as "Louis Johnson" indeed exists very largely because of Congress's failure itself to meet, in any rational way, the complex issues of military policy. This is hardly the fault of the legislators. The issues are inordinately difficult, doubtful, and technical in character; and Congress simply lacks the information, the time, the staff, possibly the intellectual capacity, to resolve them. Here, it seems to me, is the real core of the trouble. The final repository of civilian control is incompetent to exercise it, while those who are, or ought to be, competent in the formulation of sound military policy have not as yet been compelled to do so, or even had their duty to do so clearly pointed out to them.

Much of this was painfully evident in the Armed Services Committee hearings which Mr. Hessler takes as his text. But apparently he wrote before the House committee's report was published. It is a rather unexpectedly good report to emerge from a very untidy hearing; and if it gives no final answers it indicates that the legislators are at last beginning to get a firmer grasp of their problem. I suspect that in the end the real question will turn out to be not at all one of more "civilian control" or "Congressional control" or "technical control." It will turn out to be a matter of formulating the issues so that each authority will exercise the control appropriate to it and also be held clearly responsible for the exercise. Congress, for example, can and should decide basic fundamentals of broad policy; but it can do so only if the nature of the issue is plainly formulated and presented by the military and the executive officials, each discharging their responsibility in their proper fields. To set up Congress as merely a third technical authority, mixing partial and propagandist information into the decisions of the others, would be merely to compound the confusion.

WALTER MILLIS
New York City

The Committee Report

To The Editor: Just after my article "Louis Johnson vs. Congress" went to press, the House Armed Services Committee issued a lengthy, able, and courageous report on the so-called B-36 Inquiry. To correct any wrong impressions left with readers of *The Reporter* by an article written in advance of the committee's report, I should like to set out a few salient facts.

First, the committee *did* condemn the summary dismissal of Admiral Louis Denfeld as an act of reprisal and a threat to the power of Congress to obtain information.

Second, the committee *did* initiate a move designed to prevent the Defense Secretary from ignoring Congressional appropriations. Rep. Carl Vinson introduced a bill to require the Secretary to consult with appropriations committees before he withholds more than five per cent of any item.

Third, the committee *did* recommend reconstitution of the Joint Chiefs of Staff by adding the Commandant of the Marine Corps, and by requiring the chairmanship to rotate among the services.

Fourth, the committee *did* project a restudy of the strategic bombing of urban areas, which may lead to revision of our reliance on a strategy of annihilation.

Study of the report leads me to the conclusion that the committee fully appreciated and grasped the testimony presented by the Navy, and that its members are aware of the dangers cited in my article, especially the threat to the powers of Congress.

WILLIAM H. HESSLER
Cincinnati, Ohio

Death of Binaggio

To the Editor: Charles Binaggio, murdered, shrieks across the headlines, building up even further the stereotype of Kansas City, "Hoodlumtown." Today I reread your perceptive story in the December 20 issue of *The Reporter,* which reduced Binaggio to his actual proportions in the larger picture of an essentially law-abiding city whose occasional politico-criminal problems are those common to all U. S. cities. Would that you could reprint it!

MRS. JOUETT ANTHONY III
Kansas City, Missouri

Contributors

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The Editors

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The Reporter
A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

April 25, 1950 Volume 2, No. 9

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What Can Ex-Communists Do?

Issac Deutscher suggests: Observe, but keep out of, politics

Ignazio Silone relates that he once said jokingly to Togliatti, the Italian Communist leader: "The final struggle will be between the Communists and the ex-Communists." There is a bitter drop of truth in the joke. In the propaganda skirmishes against the Russians and Communism, the ex-Communist or the ex-fellow traveler is the most active sharpshooter. With the peevishness that distinguishes him from Silone, Arthur Koestler makes a similar point: "It's the same with all you comfortable, insular, Anglo-Saxon anti-Communists. You hate our Cassandra cries and resent us as allies—but, when all is said, we ex-Communists are the only people on your side who know what it's all about."

The ex-Communist is the problem child of contemporary politics. He crops up in the oddest places and corners. He buttonholes you in Berlin to tell the story of *his* "battle of Stalingrad," fought here, in Berlin, against Stalin. You find him in de Gaulle's entourage: none other than André Malraux, the author of *Man's Fate*. In America's strangest political trial the ex-Communist has, for months, pointed his finger at Alger Hiss. Another ex-Communist, Ruth Fischer, denounces her brother, Gerhart Eisler, and castigates the British for not having handed him back to the United States. An ex-Trotskyite, James Burnham, flays the American businessman for his real or illusory lack of capitalist class consciousness, and sketches a program of action for the world-wide defeat of Communism. And now six writers—Koestler, Silone, André Gide, Louis Fischer, Richard Wright, and Stephen Spender—get together to expose *The God that Failed*.

The "legion" of ex-Communists does not march in close formation. It is scattered far and wide. Its members resemble one another very much, but they also differ. They have common traits and individual features. All have left an army and a camp—some as conscientious objectors, some as deserters, and others as marauders. A few stick

> The Reporter *is pleased to publish this article by Isaac Deutscher. With certain parts of it, however, this magazine is in sharp disagreement. An answer to Mr. Deutscher's arguments—by Max Ascoli. Editor of* The Reporter*—appears immediately after this article.*

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quietly to their conscientious objections, while others vociferously claim commissions in an army which they had bitterly opposed. All wear threadbare bits and pieces of the old uniform, supplemented by the quaintest new rags. And all carry with them their common resentments and individual reminiscences.

Some joined the party at one time, others at another; the date of joining is relevant to their further experiences. Those, for instance, who joined in the 1920's went into a movement in which there was still plenty of scope for revolutionary idealism. The structure of the party was still fluid; it had not yet gone into the totalitarian mold. Intellectual integrity was still valued in a Communist; it had not yet been surrendered for good to Moscow's *raison d'état*. Those who joined the party in the 1930's began their experience on a much lower level. Right from the beginning they were manipulated like recruits on the party's drill fields by the party's top sergeants.

This difference bears upon the quality of the ex-Communists' reminiscences. Silone, who joined the party in 1921, recalls with real warmth his first contact with it; he conveys fully the intellectual excitement and moral enthusiasm with which Communism pulsated in those early days. The reminiscences of Koestler and Spender, who joined in the 1930's, reveal the utter moral and intellectual sterility of the party's first impact on them. Silone and his comrades were intensely concerned with fundamental ideas before and after they became absorbed in the drudgery of day-to-day duty. In Koestler's story, his party "assignment," right from the first moment, overshadows all matters of personal conviction and ideals. The Communist of the early drafts was a revolutionary before he became, or was expected to become, a puppet. The Communist of the later drafts hardly got the chance to breathe the genuine air of revolution.

Nevertheless, the original motives for joining were similar, if not identical, in almost every case: experience of social injustice or degradation; a sense of insecurity bred by slumps and social crises; and the craving for a great ideal or purpose, or for a reliable intellectual guide through the shaky labyrinth of modern society. The newcomer felt the miseries of the old capitalist order to be unbearable; and the glowing light of the Russian Revolution illumined those miseries with extraordinary sharpness.

Socialism, classless society, the withering away of the state—all seemed around the corner. Few of the newcomers had any premonition of the blood and sweat and tears to come. To himself, the intellectual convert to Communism seemed a new Prometheus—except that he would not be pinned to the rock by Zeus's wrath. "Nothing henceforth [so Koestler now recalls his own mood in those days] can disturb the convert's inner peace and serenity—except the occasional fear of losing faith again. . . ."

Our ex-Communist now bitterly denounces the betrayal of his hopes. This appears to him to have had almost no precedent. Yet as he eloquently describes his early expectations and illusions, we detect a strangely familiar tone. Exactly so did the disillusioned Wordsworth and his contemporaries look back upon their first youthful enthusiasm for the French Revolution:

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!

The intellectual Communist who breaks away emotionally from his party can claim noble ancestry. Beethoven tore to pieces the title page of his *Eroica*, on which he had dedicated the symphony to Napoleon, as soon as he learned that the First Consul was about to ascend a throne. Wordsworth called the crowning of Napoleon "a sad reverse for all mankind." All over Europe the enthusiasts of the French Revolution were stunned by their discovery that the Corsican liberator of the peoples and enemy of tyrants was himself a tyrant and an oppressor.

In the same way the Wordsworths of our days were shocked at the sight of Stalin fraternizing with Hitler and Ribbentrop. If no new *Eroicas* have

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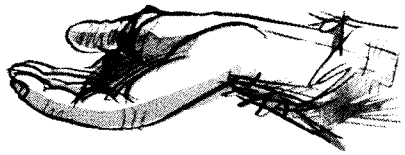

been created in our days, at least the dedicatory pages of unwritten symphonies have been torn with great flourishes.

In *The God that Failed*, Louis Fischer analyzes the variety of motives, some working slowly and some rapidly, which determine the moment at which people recover from the infatuation with Stalinism. The force of the European disillusionment with Napoleon was almost equally uneven and capricious. A great Italian poet who had been Napoleon's soldier, and composed an *Ode to Bonaparte the Liberator,* turned against his idol after the Peace of Campoformio—this must have stunned a "Jacobin" from Venice as the Nazi-Soviet Pact stunned a Polish Communist. But a man like Beethoven remained under the spell of Bonaparte for seven years more, until he saw the despot drop his republican mask. This was an "eye-opener" comparable to Stalin's purge trials of the 1930's.

There can be no greater tragedy than that of a great revolution's succumbing to the mailed fist that was to defend it from its enemies. There can be no spectacle as disgusting as that of a postrevolutionary tyranny dressed up in the banners of liberty. The ex-Communist is morally as justified as was the ex-Jacobin in revealing and revolting against that spectacle.

But is it true, as Koestler claims, that "ex-Communists are the only people . . . who know what it's all about?" One may risk the assertion that the exact opposite is true: Of all people, the ex-Communists know least what it is all about.

At any rate, the pedagogical pretensions of ex-Communist men of letters seem grossly exaggerated. Most of them (Silone is a notable exception) have never been inside the real Communist movement, in the thick of its clandestine or open organization. As a rule, they moved on the literary or journalistic fringe of the party. Their notions of Communist doctrine and ideology usually spring from their own literary intuition, which is sometimes acute but often misleading.

Worse still is the ex-Communist's characteristic incapacity for detachment. His emotional reaction against his former environment keeps him in its deadly grip and prevents him from understanding the political drama in which he was involved or half-involved. The picture of Stalinism he draws is that of a gigantic chamber of intellectual and moral horrors. Viewing it, the uninitiated are transferred from politics to pure demonology. Sometimes the artistic effect may be strong—horrors and demons do enter into many a poetic masterpiece; but it is politically unreliable and even dangerous. Of course, the story of Communism abounds in horror. But this is only one of its elements; and even this, the demonic, has to be translated into terms of human motives and interests. The ex-Communist does not attempt the translation.

In a rare flash of genuine self-criticism, Koestler makes this admission:

"As a rule, our memories romanticize the past. But when one has renounced a creed or been betrayed by a friend, the opposite mechanism sets to work. In the light of that later knowledge, the original experience loses its innocence, becomes tainted and rancid in recollection. I have tried in these pages to recapture the mood in which the experiences [in the Communist Party] related were originally lived—and I know that I have failed. Irony, anger and shame kept intruding; the passions of that time seem transformed into perversions, its inner certitude into the closed universe of the drug addict; the shadow of barbed wire lies across the condemned playground of memory. Those who were caught by the great illusion of our time, and have lived through its moral and intellectual debauch, either give themselves up to a new addiction of the opposite type, or are condemned to pay with a lifelong hangover."

This need not be true of all ex-Communists. Some may still feel that their experience has been free from the morbid overtones described by Koestler. Nevertheless, Koestler has given here a truthful and honest characterization of the type of ex-Communist to which he himself belongs. But it is difficult to square this self-portrait with his other claim that the confraternity for which he speaks "are the only people . . . who know what it's all about." With equal right a sufferer from traumatic shock might claim that he is the only one who really understands wounds and surgery. The most that the intellectual ex-Communist knows, or rather feels, is his own sickness; but he is ignorant of the nature of the external violence that has produced it, let alone the cure.

This irrational emotionalism dominates the evolution of many an ex-Communist. "The logic of opposition at all costs," says Silone, "has carried many ex-Communists far from their starting points, in some cases as far as Fascism." What were those starting points? Nearly every ex-Communist broke with his party in the name of Communism. Nearly every one set out to defend the ideal of socialism from the abuses of a bureaucracy subservient to Moscow. Nearly every one began by throwing out the dirty water of the Russian Revolution to protect the baby bathing in it.

Sooner or later these intentions are forgotten or abandoned. Having bro-

ken with a party bureaucracy in the name of Communism, the heretic goes on to break with Communism itself. He claims to have made the discovery that the root of the evil goes far deeper than he at first imagined, even though his digging for that "root" may have been very lazy and very shallow. He no longer defends socialism from unscrupulous abuse; he now defends mankind from the fallacy of socialism. He no longer throws out the dirty water of the Russian Revolution to protect the baby; he discovers that the baby is a monster which must be strangled. The heretic becomes a renegade.

How far he departs from his starting point, whether, as Silone says, he becomes a Fascist or not, depends on his inclinations and tastes—and stupid Stalinist heresy-hunting often drives the ex-Communist to extremes. But, whatever the shades of individual at-

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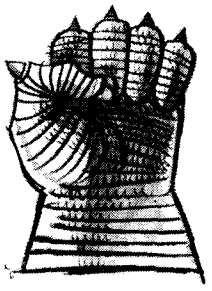
titudes, as a rule the intellectual ex-Communist ceases to oppose capitalism. Often he rallies to its defense, and he brings to this job the lack of scruple, the narrow-mindedness, the disregard for truth, and the intense hatred with which Stalinism has imbued him. He remains a sectarian. He is an inverted Stalinist. He continues to see the world in white and black, but now the colors are differently distributed. As a Communist he saw no difference between Fascists and social democrats. As an anti-Communist he sees no difference between Nazism and Communism. Once, he accepted the party's claim to infallibility; now he believes himself to be infallible. Having once been caught by the "greatest illusion," he is now obsessed by the greatest disillusionment of our time.

His former illusion at least implied a positive ideal. His disillusionment, justified as it is, is utterly negative. His role is therefore intellectually and politically barren. In this, too, he resembles the embittered ex-Jacobin of the



Napoleonic era. Wordsworth and Coleridge were fatally obsessed with the "Jacobin danger"; their fear dimmed even their poetic genius. It was Coleridge who denounced in the House of Commons a bill for the prevention of cruelty to animals as the "strongest instance of legislative Jacobinism." The ex-Jacobin became the prompter of the anti-Jacobin reaction in England. Directly or indirectly, his influence was behind the bills against seditious writings and meetings (1792-1794), the defeats of parliamentary reform, the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and the postponement of the emancipation of England's religious minorities for the lifetime of a generation. Since the conflict with revolutionary France was "not a time to make hazardous experiments," the slave trade, too, obtained a lease on life—in the name of liberty.

In quite the same way, our ex-Communist, for the best of reasons, does the most vicious things. He advances bravely in the front rank of every witch hunt. His blind hatred of his former ideal is leaven to contemporary conservatism. Not rarely he denounces even the mildest brand of the "welfare state" as "legislative Bolshevism." He contributes heavily to the moral climate in which a modern counterpart to the English anti-Jacobin reaction is hatched.

His grotesque performance reflects the impasse in which he finds himself. The impasse is not merely his—it is part of a blind alley in which an entire generation leads an incoherent and absent-minded life. The historical parallel drawn here extends to the wider background of two epochs. The world is split between Stalinism and an anti-Stalinist alliance in much the same way it was split between Napoleonic France and the Holy Alliance. It is a split between a "degenerated" revolution exploited by a despot and a grouping of predominantly, although not exclusively, conservative interests. In terms of practical politics the choice seems to be now, as it was then, confined to these alternatives. Yet the rights and the wrongs of this controversy are so hopelessly confused that whichever the choice, and whatever its practical motives, it is almost certain to be wrong in the long run and in the broadest historical sense.

An honest and critically minded man could reconcile himself to Napoleon as little as he can now to Stalin. But despite Napoleon's violence and frauds, the message of the French Revolution survived to echo powerfully throughout the nineteenth century. The Holy Alliance freed Europe from Napoleon's oppression; and for a moment its victory was hailed by most Europeans. Yet what Castlereagh and Metternich and Alexander I had to offer to "liberated" Europe was merely the preservation of an old, decomposing order. Thus the abuses and the aggressiveness of an empire bred by the revolution gave a new lease on life to European feudalism. This was the ex-Jacobin's most unexpected triumph. But the price he paid for it was that presently he himself, and his anti-Jacobin cause, looked like vicious, ridiculous anachronisms. In the year of Napoleon's defeat, Shelley wrote to Wordsworth:

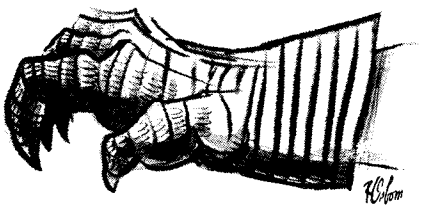
In honoured poverty thy voice did weave
Songs consecrate to truth and liberty—
Deserting these, thou leavest me to grieve,
Thus having been, that thou shouldst cease to be.

If our ex-Communist had any historical sense, he would ponder this lesson.

Some of the ex-Jacobin prompters of the anti-Jacobin reaction had as few scruples about their *volte-face* as have the Burnhams and the Ruth Fischers of our days. Others were remorseful, and pleaded patriotic sentiment, or a philosophy of the lesser evil, or both, to explain why they had sided with old dynasties against an upstart emperor. If they did not deny the vices of the courts and the governments they had once denounced, they claimed that those governments were more liberal than Napoleon. This was certainly true of Pitt's Government, even though the influence of Napoleonic France on European civilization was more permanent and fruitful than that of Pitt's England. "O grief that Earth's best hopes rest all in thee!"—this was the sigh of resignation with which Wordsworth reconciled himself to Pitt's England. "Far, far more abject is thy enemy" was his formula.

"Far, far more abject is thy enemy" might have been the text for *The God that Failed*, and for the philosophy of the lesser evil expounded in its pages. The ardor with which the writers of this book defend the West against Russia and Communism is sometimes chilled by uncertainty or residual ideological inhibition. The uncertainty appears between the lines of their confessions, or in curious asides.

Silone, for instance, still describes the pre-Mussolini Italy, against which, as a Communist, he had rebelled, as "pseudo-democratic." He hardly believes that post-Mussolini Italy is any better, but he sees its Stalinist enemy to be "far, far more abject." In terms of a lesser-evil philosophy, he is right. But, more than the other co-authors of this book, Silone is surely aware of the price that Europeans of his generation



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have already paid for the acceptance of lesser-evil philosophies. Louis Fischer advocates the "double rejection" of Communism and capitalism, but his rejection of the latter sounds like a feeble face-saving formula; and his newly found cult of Gandhiism impresses one as merely an awkward escapism. But it is Koestler who, occasionally, in the midst of all his affectation and anti-Communist frenzy, reveals a few curious mental reservations: ". . . if we survey history [he says] and compare the lofty aims, in the name of which revolutions were started, and the sorry end to which they came, we see again and again how a *polluted civilization pollutes its own revolutionary offspring*" (my italics). Has Koestler thought out the implications of his own words, or is he merely throwing out a bon mot? If the "revolutionary offspring" has really been "polluted" by the civilization against which it has rebelled, then no matter how repulsive the offspring may be, the source of the evil is not in it but in that civilization. And this will be so regardless of how zealously Koestler himself may act as the advocate of the "defenders" *à la* Chambers.

Even more startling is another thought —or is this perhaps also only a bon mot?—with which Koestler unexpectedly ends his confession:

"I served the Communist Party for seven years—the same length of time as Jacob tended Laban's sheep to win Rachel his daughter. When the time was up, the bride was led into his dark tent; only the next morning did he discover that his ardours had been spent not on the lovely Rachel but on the ugly Leah.

"I wonder whether he ever recovered from the shock of having slept with an illusion. I wonder whether afterwards he believed that he had ever believed in it. I wonder whether the happy end of the legend will be repeated; for at the price of another seven years of labor, Jacob was given Rachel too, and the illusion became flesh.

"And the seven years seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had for her."

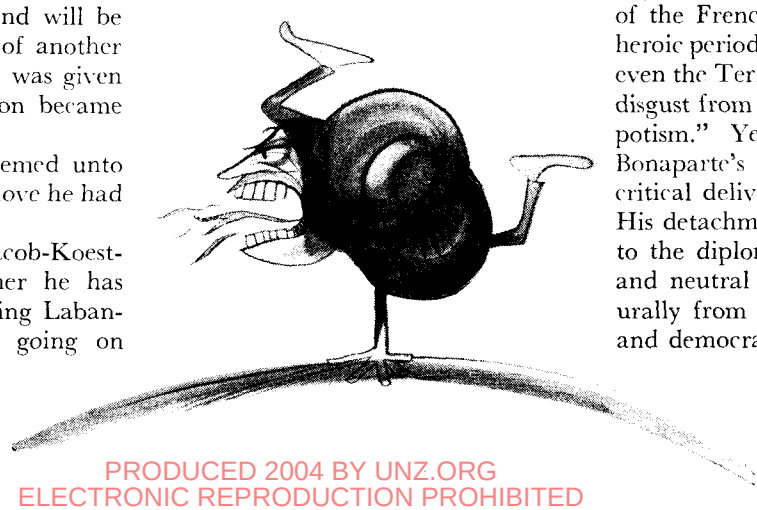
One might think that Jacob-Koestler reflects uneasily whether he has not too hastily ceased tending Laban-Stalin's sheep, instead of going on with the job patiently till his "illusion became flesh."

The words are not meant to blame, let alone to castigate, anybody. Their purpose, let this be repeated, is to throw into relief a confusion of ideas, from which the ex-Communist intellectual is not the only sufferer.

In one of his recent articles, Koestler vented his irritation at those good old liberals who were shocked by the excess of anti-Communist zeal in the former Communist, and viewed him with the disgust with which ordinary people look at "a defrocked priest taking out a girl to a dance."

Well, the good old liberals may be right, after all: This peculiar type of anti-Communist may appear to them like a defrocked priest "taking out," not just a girl, but a harlot. The ex-Communist's utter confusion of intellect and emotion makes him ill suited for any political activity. He is haunted by a vague sense that he has betrayed either his former ideals or the ideals of bourgeois society; like Koestler, he may even have an ambivalent notion that he has betrayed both. He then tries to suppress his sense of guilt and uncertainty, or to camouflage it by a show of extraordinary certitude and frantic aggressiveness. He insists that the world should recognize his uneasy conscience as the clearest conscience of all. He may no longer be concerned with any cause except one—self-justification. And this is the most dangerous motive for any political activity.

It seems that the only dignified attitude the intellectual ex-Communist can take is to rise *au-dessus de la mêlée*. He cannot join the Stalinist camp or the anti-Stalinist Holy Alliance without doing violence to his better self. So let him stay outside any camp. Let him try to regain critical sense and intellectual detachment. Let him overcome the cheap ambition to have a finger in the political pie. Let him be at peace with his own self at least, if the price he has to pay for a phony peace with the world is self-renunciation and self-denunciation.



This is not to say that the ex-Communist man of letters, or intellectual at large, should retire into the ivory tower. (His contempt for the ivory tower lingers in him from his past.) But he may withdraw into a *watch-tower* instead. To watch with detachment and alertness this heaving chaos of a world, to be on a sharp lookout for what is going to emerge from it, and to interpret it *sine ira et studio*—this is now the only honorable service the ex-Communist intellectual can render to a generation in which scrupulous observation and honest interpretation have become so sadly rare. (Is it not striking how little observation and interpretation, and how much philosophizing and sermonizing, one finds in the books of the gifted pleiad of ex-Communist writers?)

But can the intellectual really now be a detached observer of this world? Even if taking sides makes him identify himself with causes that, in truth, are not his, must he not take sides all the same? Well, we can recall some great "intellectuals" who, in a similar situation in the past, refused to identify themselves with any cause. Their attitude seemed incomprehensible to many of their contemporaries; but history has proved their judgment to have been superior to the phobias and hatreds of their age. Three names may be mentioned here: Jefferson, Goethe, and Shelley. All three, each in a different way, were confronted with the choice between the Napoleonic idea and the Holy Alliance. All three, again each in a different manner, refused to choose.

Jefferson was the staunchest friend of the French Revolution in its early heroic period. He was willing to forgive even the Terror, but he turned away in disgust from Napoleon's "military despotism." Yet he had no truck with Bonaparte's enemies, Europe's "hypocritical deliverers," as he called them. His detachment was not merely suited to the diplomatic interest of a young and neutral republic; it resulted naturally from his republican conviction and democratic passion.

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Unlike Jefferson, Goethe lived right inside the storm center. Napoleon's troops and Alexander's soldiers, in turn, took up quarters in his Weimar. As the Minister of his Prince, Goethe bowed to every invader. But as thinker and man, he remained noncommittal and aloof. He was aware of the grandeur of the French Revolution and was shocked by its horrors. He greeted the sound of Napoleon's guns at Valmy as the opening of a new and better epoch, and he saw through Napoleon's follies. He acclaimed the liberation of Germany from Napoleon, and he was acutely aware of the misery of that "liberation." His aloofness, in these as in other matters, gained him the reputation of "the Olympian"; and the label was not always meant to be flattering. But his Olympian appearance was due least of all to an inner indifference to the fate of his contemporaries. It veiled his inner drama: his incapacity and reluctance to identify himself with causes, each an inextricable tangle of right and wrong.

Finally, Shelley watched the clash of the two worlds with all the burning passion, anger, and hope of which his great young soul was capable: He surely was no Olympian. Yet, not for a single moment did he accept the self-righteous claims and pretensions of any of the belligerents. Unlike the ex-Jacobins, who were older than he, he was true to the Jacobin republican idea. It was as a republican, and not as a patriot of the England of George III, that he greeted the fall of Napoleon, that "most unambitious slave" who did "dance and revel on the grave of Liberty." But as a republican he knew also that "virtue owns a more eternal foe" than Bonapartist force and fraud—"old Custom, legal Crime, and bloody Faith" embodied in the Holy Alliance.

All three—Jefferson, Goethe, and Shelley—were in a sense outsiders to the great conflict of their time, and because of this they interpreted their time with more truthfulness and penetration than did the fearful—the hate-ridden partisans on either side.

What a pity and what a shame it is that most ex-Communist intellectuals are inclined to follow the tradition of Wordsworth and Coleridge rather than that of Goethe and Shelley.

—Isaac Deutscher

Our Political D.P.'s

There are assertions in Isaac Deutscher's article that cannot be left unchallenged — certainly not in a magazine like *The Reporter* whose purpose it is to examine facts and ideas for the bearing they have on the one issue of our day: freedom. We have no quarrel with what Deutscher says on the plight of the former Communists. But the basic agreement turns into an absolute dissent when Deutscher comes to analyze the political conflict of our times and the role that the ex-Communist should play in it.

It is unfair, perhaps, to consider in a wholesale category all these individuals who, each in his own way, went through a shattering personal crisis—a revolt against a discipline that they experienced in their flesh and could no longer endure. Yet too many of them do consider themselves a category—not least Deutscher himself, one of the most earnest and thoughtful of the lot. Then there are those exhibitionists of the lost faith, those who endlessly re-enact their private experience in public. Some, like Koestler, even go so far as to boast that their double rejection of democracy first and Communism later makes them the front-liners and rearguard vigilantes in the anti-Communist battle.

The Koestler argument is strongly reminiscent of those of Rasputin, the Russian monk who exalted vice as a guarantee of heavenly salvation. If the former Communists are the only ones "who know what it's all about," we, the meek and the unimaginative who never lost our faith in freedom, should either apologize for our consistency or brag about it. In fact, there is no other answer to the Koestler argument than to consider it for what it is—a rather unwise crack—and then proceed to more serious business.

One thing must be granted to the former Communists. Most of them rejected the idea and the institutions of freedom before they ever knew what freedom was. They may have had generous impulses that usually are associated with the belief in freedom or in democracy. They wanted to fight for the underprivileged, or against fascism. Disgust with some of the soft-headed and ineffectual practitioners of freedom called liberals drove many ardent and unselfish men and women into Communism. To achieve his goal, each of them gladly gave up his soul; but most of them did not know they had souls, or did not care. They started knowing and caring sometime after they had joined the party.

Then, a voice inside started asking: Why? Why the constant shifts of the party line? Why did they have to act like robots? These "whys" were dis-

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turbing and at the same time frightening, for in the party they had found an exhilarating fullness of life. It gave them a sense of purpose, of confidence that what they did, no matter how limited or trivial, could not be lost or meaningless, for it was aimed at the triumph of the cause. The discipline reduced all problems to extraordinarily simple alternatives: friend or enemy, black or white. Sometimes they had to infiltrate the enemy ranks; sometimes they had to work with useful or useless idiots called fellow travelers. But even when they had to maintain double-entry bookkeeping, the accounts were always kept straight in one of the columns, under the control of skillful supervisors.

Yet a moment came when the "whys" pounded inside with ever-increasing, unbearable insistence. The exhilaration turned into a nightmare, for the party apparatus is formidable and has radar sets keyed to detect even the unspoken "why." But how can one leave the party? What will he find in the wide, open world? A striking thing in the personal tales reported in *The God that Failed* is that the break with the party did not become public until long after it had happened inside. The public break was an anticlimax; and the writers themselves do not know exactly when the real break occurred.

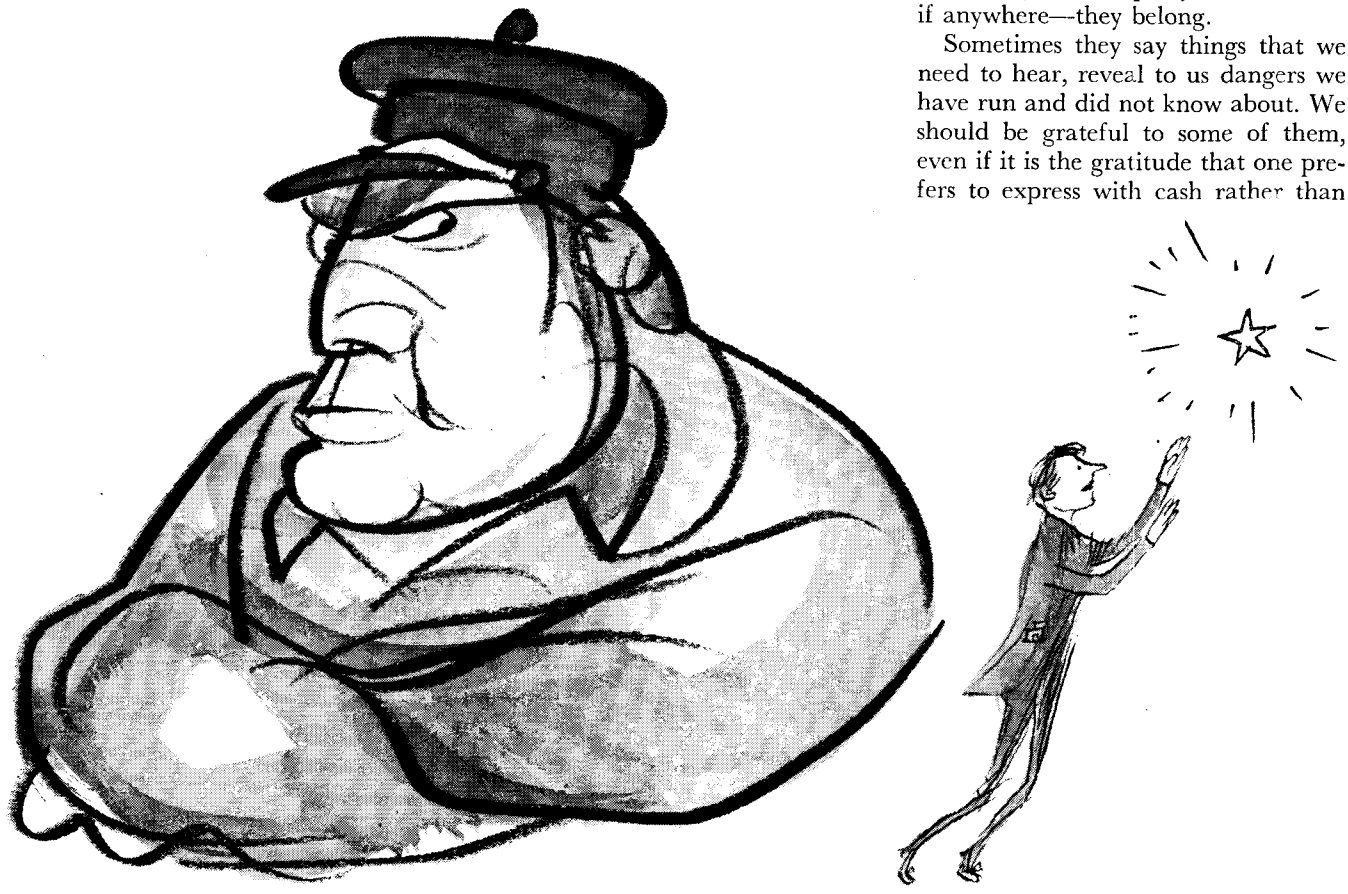
They quit. They could not remain empty reeds on which others—the men above—could play as they pleased. But they carried with them into the non-Communist world souls that had been tampered with. While they were in the party, their moral sensitivity had been blunted, their emotional and sentimental ties with the rest of the world had been rewired. They had become parts of a mechanism that made use of them unreservedly, and that they could never hope to understand, let alone control.

Yet a feeling of total failure haunts them. They had turned their backs on a social order in which they did not believe to embrace another one into which they could not fit. The writers of *The God that Failed* give an extremely vivid picture of how unendurable at the end their lives became under the clumsy discipline of the party. The reader, for his part, cannot help agreeing with the party: These men did not belong to Communism; they had to weed themselves out—or be weeded out. Actually, they have never been Communists. They had played, sometimes with desperate earnestness, at being Communists. Perhaps Communists are born rather than made.

But what are they, and where do they belong—these D.P.'s of our society? The extraordinary fact is that most of them remain D.P.'s for so long, even after they have found gainful occupations. A few of them actually settle down to a normal life, but too many seem never to be at ease, never quite reconciled to the values of which they have become guardians. They memorize those values and tirelessly try to make a brilliant case for them. There are many among the most literate former Communists who specialize in brilliance, and lend their shine to the cause that accepts their services. Some never tire of reasoning out in public what they did and why they did it; they carry from the party the habit of public confession—a morbid, upsetting habit. Others confess and accuse at the same time. They accuse their former friends or the liberals who have never joined the Communist Party. They become the public prosecutors who can ruin or save all of our reputations.

Incidentally, they are the people supposed to know "what it's all about"—these unfortunate, harassed D.P.'s who are frantically thinking out loud when they left the party and where—if anywhere—they belong.

Sometimes they say things that we need to hear, reveal to us dangers we have run and did not know about. We should be grateful to some of them, even if it is the gratitude that one prefers to express with cash rather than



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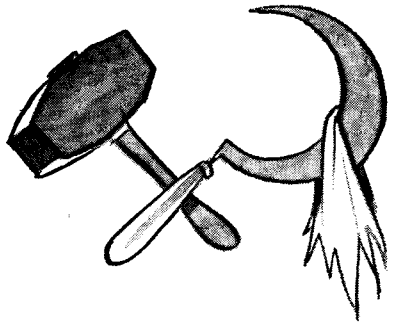

with compassion. And perhaps we are wrong in not being charitable enough, as we are wrong when, following their example, we brand all of them together. They are, as the current saying goes, "maladjusted." But we owe to this maladjustment books like those of Silone and Deutscher. For all his irritating brashness, Koestler has given us some memorable pages. Sometimes literature is paid for at a hard price.

Yet these men are the ones who should understand what freedom is. For what made them revolt was the cry of conscience, which may put itself at the service of a party but can never give up the right of judging it. This is what freedom means: the right to go back to oneself and judge what one has done, or what one has been made to do, so as to gain the experience one needs to do better. Freedom means the constant growth and enrichment of the individual, and, through him, of the society in which he lives. Because of the power that organized oppression has acquired, this is the issue of our times.

Here is the point that Deutscher comes close to, and then misses. He wants the ex-Communist to become an unselfish seeker after the truth—perhaps as an atonement for his distortions of the truth while in the party. He advises the ex-Communist to keep aloof from the conflict between Communism and anti-Communism. The ex-Communist, he says, can do his best work, not on the political battle line, and not in the ivory tower, but in what he calls the watchtower.

Watching for what? Sending what kind of alarm signals, and to whom? Looking from his watchtower, Deutscher sees in our immediate future a repetition of what happened a century and a half ago. In this new cycle of history, Stalin is the equivalent of Napoleon and our side the Holy Alliance. Life would be easier if we could see in the future a repetition of the past—with the added advantage of assigning to ourselves exalted, history-tested roles.

With all due respect, this report from the watchtower is a librarian's nightmare. If we took the Stalin-Napoleon parallel literally, we would have to conclude that even if we defeat Stalin in arms, the message of his revolution will survive in times to come.

The problem of our times is one that the ex-Communists *should* know better than anyone else—were it not that the most articulate among them are still so frantically telling us what they have witnessed that they do not realize the truth to which they bear witness. Ours is the problem of the human person who has been trapped by too many technological or political machines and is in danger of being extinguished. It is the problem of a civilization threatening to turn into an unmanageable force of nature. Luckily, we have seen what it leads to—the ex-Communists most clearly of all. A huge section of mankind has been taken over by this mercilessly organized soullessness.

The other part—our part—is awakening. We see in the enemy the revolting caricature of everything that had been wrong with our world: the ruthless accumulation of capital at the expense of labor—in Russia's case now, of slave labor; the unscrupulousness of colonialism; the blindness of power; the sacrifice of human beings to verify theories or ideologies. Russia is busy doing these things all over again—with a vengeance. We learn.

Our side is not a Holy Alliance, aimed at bringing the world back to the prerevolutionary past. In terms of hard fact, there is but one great and powerful nation on our side—the United States. It doesn't want to rule the world. It wants to have, or even to bring into existence, allies and partners with whom to share the responsibility of its power. We do need signals from well-posted and well-manned watchtowers. This battle for freedom will degenerate into an anti-Communist crusade if we take to our side as full partners all the régimes and the interests that Communism has threatened. We might even need to be reminded of the Holy Alliance as a danger which we must, and can, avoid. But we cannot accept this dangerous potentiality as a description of our condition.

We are engaged in a world civil war unprecedented in character and scope. The enemy is increasingly becoming the embodiment of everything that was wrong with our political and economic system. But we are learning and fighting back, according to long-range plans and not just in order to counteract Communism. We are not the party of the lesser evil. We are resetting the values and the institutions that will allow the individual—the protagonist and bearer of freedom—to live and to grow.

Don't the former Communists understand us? They don't yet. They are too much inclined to see everything in terms of purely negative anti-Communist action—which, incidentally, is what some of them reproach us with.

They are the most articulate casualties of the world civil war. They are working with us but are not yet part of us. There are many reasons why we are fighting this civil war, and one of them is to see to it that other men, driven by disgust from the values of our society, do not have to go through the harassing experience of the former Communists.

Perhaps it is good to have them in our midst, even if some of the ex-Communists are unbearably irritating. They make us realize how shallow and unappealing our values had become. If we observe them carefully we can prepare ourselves for one of the hardest jobs ahead of us. The day will come when whole nations, and not only isolated individuals, will need our help—hundreds of millions of men and women, made wretchedly unhappy by the lack of something they don't know—and that is freedom. —Max Ascoli

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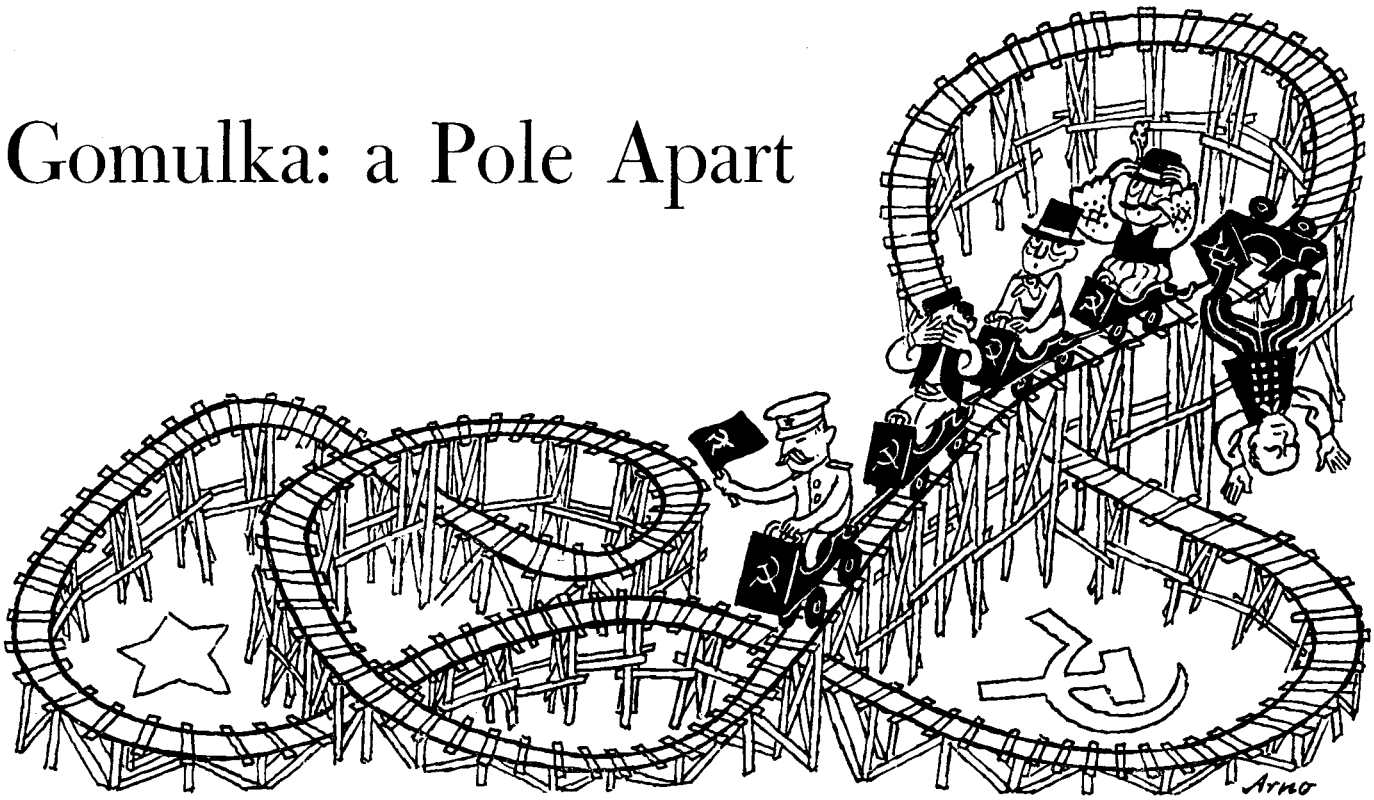
Gomulka: a Pole Apart



November 11 was not a holiday in the Poland of 1949. The Independence Day of interwar years was stripped of glamour. No church bells rang, no military parades were held. At Communist Party headquarters on Warsaw's Stalin Avenue, black Chevrolets deposited the major and minor dignitaries of the Central Committee who had been summoned for another installment of criticism and self-criticism.

This particular paroxysm was brought on by the repercussions of the trial of Lazslo Rajk in Hungary and the accusations against Traicho Kostov in Bulgaria. The revolution does not destroy its favorite children just for the fun of it; there is always a lesson in what may seem acts of blind rage. The lesson that Poland and the other neighboring People's Democracies were supposed to draw from these purge trials was that "nationalist and rightist deviationism" helped saboteurs and imperialist agents infiltrate; hence "revolutionary watchfulness" must be increased, and the slightest deviation stopped short.

The Polish *Politburo* was unable to produce an exact counterpart of the Rajk-Kostov situation. Sheer geography would have made a tale of conspiracy between the local deviationists and the Tito-Wall Street combination sound ridiculous. So the leadership settled for the next best thing. It offered a "historical" reinterpretation of some past acts and omissions of the deviationist group and tied them in, if only "objectively," with an actual or possible infiltration of hostile elements and foreign agents into the government and the party. When the gathering of the Central Committee was over, six *Politburo* members and forty lesser actors had said their lines, and another episode was completed in the personal drama of Wladyslaw Gomulka, onetime secretary-general of the party, now Deviationist No. 1.

Gomulka knew what was coming. "I am appearing before you for the last time as a member of the Central Committee," he said on the second day, before the prefabricated *Politburo* resolution calling for his ouster had been voted—unanimously, of course. Gomulka was castigated for not having shown good will in repairing the damage caused by his deviation, which had been first denounced by the Central Committee in August and September, 1948. Although since then he had been given a chance to overcome his deviation by "honest self-criticism," the *Politburo* said, he had failed to use it; he had also refused to co-operate with the party in unmasking hostile elements and imperialist agents who had wormed their way into the government machine, partly as a result of his negligence and "political blindness."

These grim findings, which brought Gomulka a step closer to the public prosecutor, were heaped on top of the basic record of his "rightist and nationalist deviation." In August, 1948, Gomulka had produced a reluctant and not unqualified recantation of his mistakes, which the *Politburo* accepted as satisfactory. In the period between, he had been cut off from political activity. Yet such is the lot of the deviationist that, once branded, he has no safeguards against double, triple, multiple jeopardy. Recantation may be accepted, then retroactively declared hypocritical; attempts to be useful may be condemned as infiltration, inactivity as seeking an easy way out, silence as passive near-treason.

Silence was indeed the major point in the attack on Gomulka in November. "Silence," said Comrade Ptasinski, a very minor light of the Central Committee, "has its political eloquence in this period of struggle between two camps. . . . In this fight one has to declare his stand: with us, with the Bolshevik Party and the Soviet Union, or against us. . . ." President Boleslaw Bie-

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rut roared: "How can one remain silent when the American envoys to the [satellite] countries . . . are meeting in London to discuss methods of improving their espionage, sabotage, and diversion? How can one remain silent when The Voice of America and the BBC use the name of Comrade Gomulka to deceive the toiling masses?"

Hilary Minc, himself often mentioned as a purge candidate, displayed what may have been preventive zeal. "Gomulka," he said, "kept silent while the foreign radios were drumming up his story. And when it was necessary to get him to make a statement, every word had to be forced out of his throat, and what he said was weak, bloodless, hollow. And yet we know that he is a good writer and a good speaker."

This poisoned praise was an attempt to undermine the very foundations of Gomulka's defense. He had consistently taken the line that his deviation was due to faulty education in Marxism-Leninism, inability to grasp the finer points of dialectical materialism, and limited political foresight. This line was rejected as "vulgar and distasteful" by his accusers. Yet Gomulka repeated it again at the end of what may be his last statement out of court: "I said at the August Plenum that I had but little theoretical knowledge. . . . This was the truth."

By comparison with Gomulka's recent hearing, the August, 1948, session looked like a melodrama of brotherly solicitude for a comrade gone astray, with "endless attempts to pull him up by the hair while mistakes were weighing him down like lead." At that time at least one attempt was made to explain—if not to justify—Gomulka's deviation in terms of a split personality. "I have the impression," said Jakób Berman of the *Politburo,* "that there is a struggle going on between his two souls, the Communist, proletarian soul and the petty-bourgeois one." Berman also spoke of "two complexes"; one which prevented Gomulka from "understanding properly the special role of the Soviet Union," and the other an "illusory . . . feeling that he had a 'mission' to defend [Poland's] allegedly threatened sovereignty."

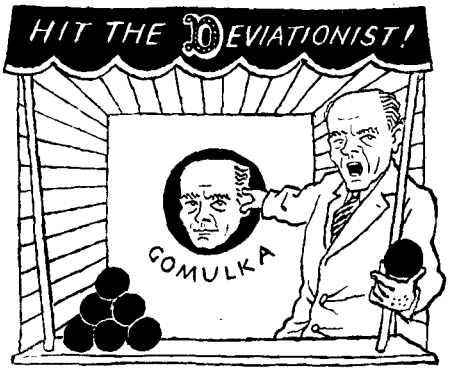
No such subtleties were wasted on Gomulka last November, no cure prescribed for his "complexes," no hope held out for his rehabilitation. What Berman had called "shock therapy" in 1948 was now clearly dropped in favor of surgery. Gomulka was called not "Hamlet" but "Bonaparte."

The most succinct definition of Gomulka's trouble was offered by himself: *"I fell off the vehicle at a sharp turn."* Here was a perfect description of what "deviation" usually amounts to, when it is most likely to happen, and why it happened to Gomulka and not to the other members of the *Politburo.* (*"They had not lost their Marxist compass,"* said Gomulka, slightly mixing metaphors.) He later dwelt too long on the bruises which he suffered in the fall, and hinted that he may have been pushed off and had tried belatedly to pull others off too.

The "sharp turn" was, of course, the break between Tito and the Cominform in June, 1948. The Polish *Politburo* reacted quicker than the other member parties, and for good reasons. Although attempts were made to keep it a secret for three months, the rumor spread, in Poland and abroad, that Comrade Wieslaw (Gomulka's party pseudonym) had been against the condemnation of Tito.

This was fully confirmed at the August, 1948, Plenum. Gomulka had indeed opposed the break. Before it happened, he suggested "other means"—persuasion, possibly even a compromise. He questioned the right of the Polish representatives to vote for the Cominform resolution without consulting the full Central Committee, especially on the subject of land policies. Gomulka knew that the condemnation of Tito's agrarian policies was an oblique instruction to start a collectivization drive in all People's Democracies. He considered such a step unwise, or at least premature, for Poland.

Prior to the "sharp turn" there had been ominous skids. Gomulka, it was



revealed, had questioned the wisdom of creating the Cominform even while playing host to Zhdanov and the other Founding Fathers "somewhere in Poland," in September, 1947.

On local issues, too, the secretary-general found himself at variance with the *Politburo* majority. He had been instrumental in unhinging Mikolajczyk in October and was engaged, with fervor, in preparing the merger of the cowed Polish Socialist Party with the Communists. But he openly courted the diffident rank and file of the Polish Socialist Party. In June, 1948, he presented to a Plenum of the Central Committee a report, not previously agreed upon by the *Politburo,* in which he analyzed the history of the Polish labor movement. "History" is not an intellectual pastime for Marxist-Leninists; it is a working tool. In his lecture Gomulka in effect condemned the un-Polish attitude of the Polish Communists in prewar years and lauded the patriotism of the Socialists.

This, too, was dangerously out of date. Communism was again sailing under its own flag. The saints and national heroes of the past were being relieved from their temporary duty in service of the cause. At this point, there could be no merit in the past of a Social Democratic Party and no fault in that of a Communist Party.

Gomulka apparently had been foolish enough to believe in some kind of "third road." In 1945 he had declared, "There are two reasons why Poland cannot become a Soviet Republic: The Polish people do not want it and the Soviet Union does not want it." The Poles may not have changed their minds and, formally, Poland has not yet been invited to become Republic No. 17. But Poland was now to be Polish in form, Leninist in content; the similarities, not the differences, between People's Democracy and the Soviet system were to be stressed. Gomulka was publicly identified with a "national line." In his recantation, in August, 1948, he still wondered: "Is there only one pattern? . . . There must be *some* elements of a Polish way to socialism."

Digging deeper into Gomulka's activities, the *Politburo* revealed that even during the war, when he had led the clandestine Polish Workers' Party under the German occupation, Go-

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mulka had shown dangerous hesitations. After three years of attempts to divert the loyalties of the Polish Underground from the "London government," he had engaged in negotiations with some groups of that Underground to create a "national front," at the very moment when the Soviet armies were approaching. This was now branded a mistake. The thing Gomulka should have done was to drop the "national" line and grab all power in the name of class dictatorship.

Somewhat bewildered, Gomulka tried to argue that this had then been the official line in Poland and elsewhere in the future People's Democracies. Still safely holding on to the vehicle, the members of the *Politburo* claimed that when they talked "national front" they meant, at all times, "hegemony of the proletariat," while he made the error of looking "upon the nation as one whole."

Gomulka's supreme "mistake," the "complex of distrusting the Soviet Union," was described in his own reluctant recantation as thinking of Polish-Soviet relations in terms of "good, friendly, allied bonds between two states, not between two parties." This was, in the eyes of the *Politburo*, old-fashioned. Relations between the Soviet Union and its orbit were now regarded as something "special." What gave Gomulka's deviation a specifically Polish flavor was his distrust of Soviet motives in the matter of the former German lands, which, as Minister for the Recovered Territories, he had incorporated into postwar Poland. The German issue was not mentioned openly until the November Plenum, when the creation of an eastern German government had to be hailed by Polish Communists with no less joy than the "return" of Marshal Rokossovsky—a Warsaw boy, according to the latest biographies.

Like so many Europeans on both sides of Germany, Gomulka was apparently unable to share this joy. His fears of a Soviet-German combination —traditionally fatal for Poland's independence—were very Polish indeed. In the eyes of Hilary Minc, this meant failure in the "acid test of true internationalism." Gomulka, he said, "distrusted the Soviet Union."

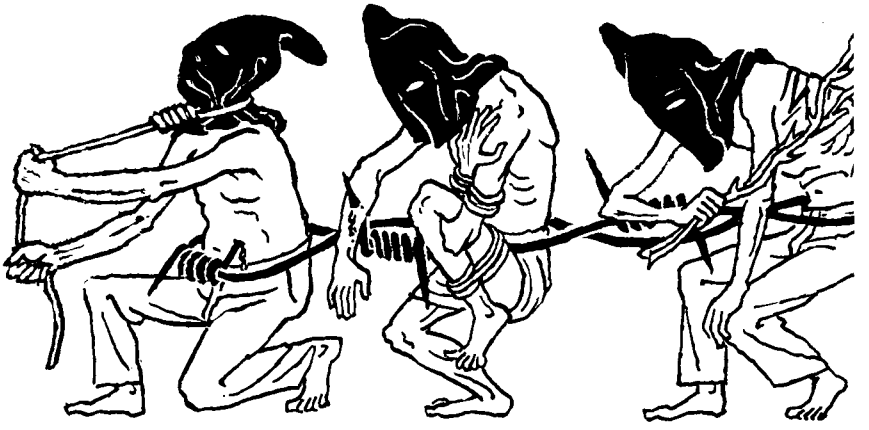
By attacking and isolating Gomulka, the *Politburo* no doubt intended to put an end to a tendency within the party to differentiate between those who had stuck it out under Nazi occupation, as he did, and the "Muscovites" who returned with the Soviet armies. There had been complaints that Gomulka was also discriminating against old-timers of the prewar Communist Party, and giving jobs to "good Poles," rather than to "good revolutionaries."

There were hints of Gomulka's wartime altercations with "Comrade Tomasz," Boleslaw Bierut. There may have been a deep-seated hostility on the part of Gomulka toward the "intellectuals" of the *Politburo*—the result of prewar grudges of the obscure party wheelhorses who took the rap in Poland while the "elite" were relatively safe, plus the resentment of the Underground leader who had engaged in the thankless job of making Communism and Russia palatable to Poles, while the "intellectuals" were improving their Leninist-Stalinist education with a fair degree of comfort.

Gomulka's personal make-up has no doubt contributed to his downfall no less than the "objective" and apparently widespread rumor that he was "saving" Poland while the others were "selling" her to Russia. His character has been described as a combination of strength and weakness ("passion for work, quick and lucid judgment, ability for penetrating and dialectical thinking, . . . superstitions, prejudices, grudges, complexes . . .").

Gomulka talked much of his own "mulishness." He also mentioned more than once the fears and hesitations which kept him from taking the "sharp turn." He was "frightened" by the conflict with Tito. He was "afraid that the collectivization drive might mobilize against us not only the rich peasants but the working peasantry as well." Hesitations and fears of this kind, the loss of nerve in the face of new tasks, are well known in the Communist diagnosis of deviationist diseases, as "underrating the forces of the proletariat" from "opportunist weakness."

The culprit was not dealt with harshly at first. Formally, he was a member of the *Politburo* after the August, 1948, Plenum. He retained for a while his high government position. He was invited to speak at the merger congress of the two proletarian parties. Was the *Politburo* really giving him a chance "to throw himself into the first



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line of the battle against nationalism," or was he given spurious freedom to make new mistakes and consummate his doom? Gomulka's speech at the merger congress created a minor scandal, and was immediately censured. A deviationist on probation had no business criticizing the leadership.

There can be no doubt that Gomulka was poorly equipped for "constructive recantation." He was stubborn, and certainly lacked "Marxist humility." He told the November Plenum that the growing feeling of isolation, the awareness that he was "finished as a leader," made it impossible for him to engage in exhibitions of self-criticism ("I was afraid to write"). Yet his silence, as we know, was also held against him.

The Gomulka story has been developing at a much slower pace than similar episodes elsewhere in the Soviet orbit. This is in itself no indication of what the denouement will be. It would be futile to place too much reliance on traditional Polish aversion to doing things thoroughly, or on the touch of easygoing *Schlamperei* which is a pleasant surprise to superficial observers of Polish Communism. These peculiarities are being stamped out.

The personal tragedy of a fallen Communist leader is, of course, a secondary matter, as far as we are concerned. We want to know what practical possibilities such episodes open for a repetition of the Tito windfall. At times we see new Titos where there are only new Kostovs, whose deviations are revealed to us when they are already pretty much taken care of.

A successful "Tito situation" requires two things: Communist leaders in whom the "disability" of nationalism (we call it a virtue, especially outside our own sphere of "integration") generates opposition to complete domination by Moscow, and objective possibilities for jumping off the vehicle without breaking their necks. It would be tragic if we saw no long-range hopes in satellite opposition to Soviet imperialism. However, to evaluate properly the short-range chances of successful "Gomulkism" in any country, we must start with a good look at the map. Poland is sandwiched between the Soviet Union and the Soviet Zone of Germany.

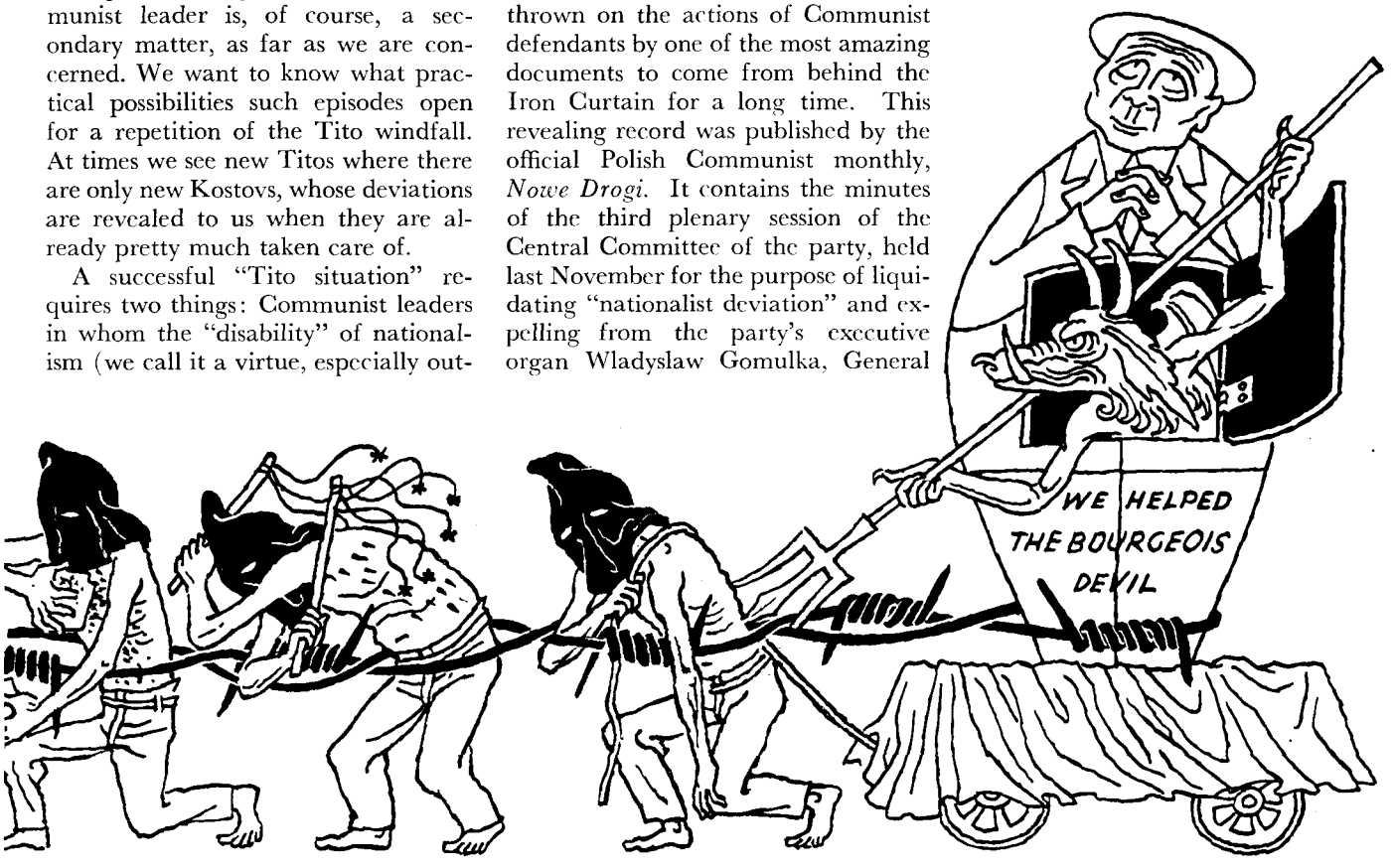
—SAMUEL L. SHARP

The Urge to Confess

After the innumerable political trials behind the Iron Curtain, we are now more or less used to the inevitable confessions and admissions of guilt. At the same time, we are still unable to understand why the accused confess even to crimes that they could not possibly have committed, why sometimes they seem eager to wallow in self-accusation, and rarely, if ever, try to defend their lives or honor.

Confessions by anti-Communists like Cardinal Mindszenty or Robert Vogeler still remain to be fully explained, but much new light has recently been thrown on the actions of Communist defendants by one of the most amazing documents to come from behind the Iron Curtain for a long time. This revealing record was published by the official Polish Communist monthly, *Nowe Drogi*. It contains the minutes of the third plenary session of the Central Committee of the party, held last November for the purpose of liquidating "nationalist deviation" and expelling from the party's executive organ Wladyslaw Gomulka, General Marian Spychalski, and Zenon Kliszko. No doubt the text has been severely censored before publication; but this only makes it the more revealing, for it shows how proud the Communists are of their methods and how eager they are to publicize them.

Here were men, still free, until recently among the most powerful in the country, who had not undergone any cross-examination, let alone torture, but who nevertheless made the most extraordinary confessions and self-accusations. A dozen others, as yet not



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in danger, felt it wiser to join in what is officially called "self-criticism." They had been taught—not in vain—that self-criticism is the essence of Stalinism; it has become for Stalinists something between personal hygiene and sexual pleasure.

Of the some seventy members of the Central Committee who took part in the meeting, fifteen made public confessions. The two most crawling and debased were Comrades Spychalski and Kliszko.

Spychalski is an old Communist, the first chief of staff of the People's Guard during the German occupation, and one of the founders of the so-called National Council organized by the Communists in 1943. He went to Russia through the front lines, became chief of staff of the Polish Army created by the Russians, and, after the war, following a short period as President of Warsaw, had been for several years deputy commander-in-chief and first Vice-Minister of National Defense, in charge of all personnel and political matters.

In August, 1948, when Gomulka was accused for the first time of nationalist deviationism and Titoism, it was Spychalski who criticized him most strongly and denounced his confession as not being "a self-criticism in the spirit of Lenin." It was he who asked for the complete liquidation of rightist deviationism. Now, at the November meeting, his turn came:

"I wish to voice my self-criticism with deep awareness of my guilty lack of vigilance brought about by lack of understanding of the rightist and nationalist deviationism. . . . I feel guilty in making my self-criticism so late. . . . I damaged the party by tolerating enemies. . . ."

Spychalski said his first sin had lain in not telling the party fully about his brother. He had told his comrades that his brother had belonged to the Underground Home Army, had been arrested by the Gestapo, and murdered. But apparently Spychalski had not added that the brother had been a prewar regular officer and that he had had a brotherly love for this class enemy.

A little later came another extraordinary crime: "Under the influence of nationalism I committed very serious errors. I allowed the rapid departure [from the Polish Army] of valuable Russian specialists when there were no suitable men to replace them. . . . Thus I appointed prewar officers to many important posts.

"I did not see that the enemy gained many posts thanks to my liberalism, my sluggish, non-class, non-proletarian conception of the struggle. . . ."

While admitting that his sins "cannot be effaced," Spychalski begged another chance to work for the party: "I realize that only by work, by learning in full the lesson of my great errors, can I partly efface my guilt. I will not spare any effort for the party to prove by learning the basic principles of Marxism-Leninism that I have finished with lack of vigilance, with indecision, with rightist and nationalist deviationism. . . . My great errors notwithstanding, I dare ask you, comrades, to let me remain in the party."

What does a leader in disgrace expect from such self-flagellation? Spychalski must have known from previous experience that however far he went along the Red road to Canossa, others would not, and probably could not, forgive him. One after another the members of the Central Committee attacked him. "Comrade Spychalski's self-criticism has been quite insufficient and superficial," one said. "It was a continuation of the deviationism," another added. It was "loathsome and beggarly," decided a third.

Even after hearing his comrades reject Spychalski's confession, another of the accused men, Kliszko, former chairman of the Communist Deputies' Club in the Polish Parliament and for many years chief of party personnel, went even further in self-abasement. He began by thanking his accusers for the "severe, well-founded, and just criticism of my activities in the party machine." He pleaded guilty, as chief of the personnel section, to "a thoughtless, lighthearted, carefree, tolerant, opportunist attitude toward the past of our cadres." Probably he had no illusions about his chances, for he concluded: "Any decision of the Central Committee about my person, even the most harsh, will be just and deserved."

There was one other crime of which all three—Spychalski, Kliszko, and Gomulka—had been guilty, but of which nobody spoke. It was the "crime" of having spent the war years in the Polish Underground and not in Moscow. The Kremlin has confidence only in officials who have had a long training in the Soviet Union.

Like the non-Muscovite Communists, former Socialists who have been elected to the Central Committee cannot feel safe. Several of them, including the former Chicago professor Oskar Lange, who renounced his American citizenship to become Polish Ambassador to the United States, have tried to safeguard themselves by denouncing everything the Polish Socialist Party has always stood for. One of them, Julian Hochfeld, demonstrated how complete his conversion to Communism was by denouncing himself in the most abject terms. His sin was delaying the Socialists' evolution toward Marxism-Leninism.

One is probably struck most of all by the pitiful futility of all the confessions. Whatever the accused men say, their ultimate doom is certain. Their expulsion from the Central Committee has been decided in advance; other steps against them follow in due course. They sin anew even while confessing; they are accused of not being sufficiently aware of their crimes, of showing themselves incapable of learning from their errors. Their words are noted and printed, to be used against them at the next meeting or, perhaps, at the trial which follows.

—Alexander Bregman

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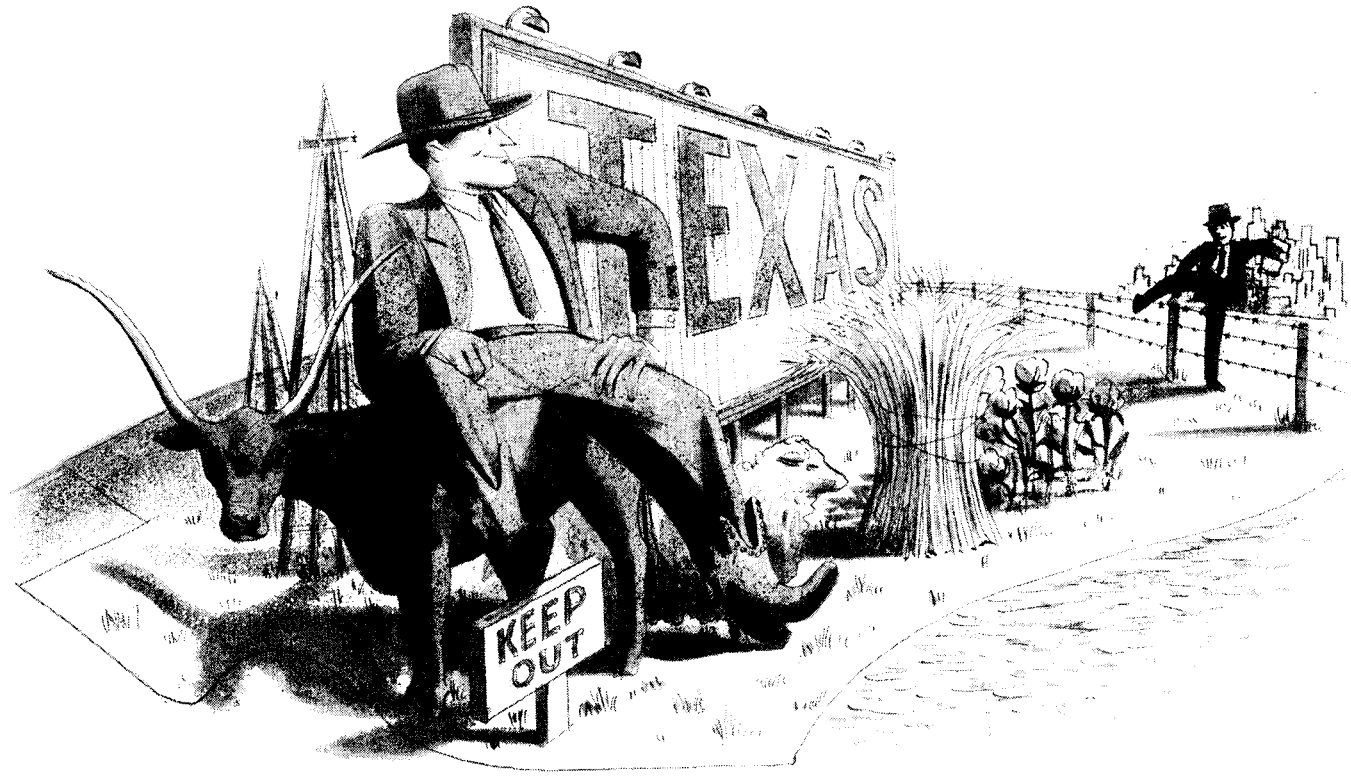

Texas Joins the Union

Promptings of cash and conscience are breaking down the old isolationism

I got off the sleeper in Houston, which is the largest city in Texas (seven hundred thousand), its largest seaport (thirty-five million tons a year), state headquarters for a fifty-million-dollar-a-year sulphur industry, a billion-dollar war-mushroomed chemical industry, and a two-billion-dollar-a-year business in petroleum (the state's No. 1 crop, outranking cotton, beef, and wheat, in that order). As a youth I had lived in Texas, and I remembered it as a somewhat raucous boom state that made quite a point of being better than—and therefore really an ally rather than a member of—the Union. A lot has happened in thirty-five years—including the appearance of a younger generation that somehow has got the impression that it was born in the United States.

Things are still booming in Texas, but oil's in trouble. I wanted to know why, so I taxied straight to the office of a geologist who knows as much about petroleum as any living man.

"Going out to the cow country?" he asked innocently.

It was obvious that he wanted to test me out on a few Texas clichés of the sort native (and most visiting) writers cultivate for the Sunday-supplement shut-ins of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. I was tempted to string along—to ask him, just as innocently, if he meant the Pecos country or the fabled King Ranch out next the Lower Valley, and so give him a chance to bowl me over with facts: The big thing now in the Trans-Pecos is lamb chops, wool, and mohair; the King Ranch has more laying hens than steers, and Dick Kleberg's seven-hundred-odd serape-wrapped *vaqueros* don't really hoss-stomp curious visitors to death in man-size postholes. . . . Then the final crusher: Texas's eight million cattle are pretty evenly distributed among all 254 counties, and in fact the heaviest concentration lies within fifty miles of Houston.

Unfortunately, there wasn't time to humor him. Seeing that, he shifted to

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other clichés that he himself believes in:

"It's the British who are raising all the hell. Won't let the sterling area buy any dollar oil, you know. That's why the Texas Railroad Commission has to ration production at the pumps, which are working only about fifteen days a month. It's a serious matter for everybody, because in Texas oil's everywhere. And of course most of the land is owned by little fellows, farmers. But then, who cares about the little guy in Washington? You see where they're trying to cut the depletion allowance to fifteen per cent: Hell, your independent has simply got to be able to take 27½ per cent off his income tax for all the dry holes he gets. And then this tidelands grab. Next thing Washington will want will be the gas, and then all the natural resources. That's how it started in Europe."

I said I thought it was the Arabian oil that was causing the glut: Crude oil from halfway around the world was being dumped in Texas Gulf ports at $2.14 a barrel, where Texans had to ask $2.65.

"Well, there's your British Socialist government again: Won't let us sell it out there."

He stopped short. The "us" had slipped out, and now it embarrassed him. He knew that I knew that his company and the other big cartels own that Arabian oil, that they also own Venezuelan and Indonesian oil, that their top officers and stockholders, living in New York or London, are interested in oil, cheap oil, and not in Texas, not in the one-shirt wildcatter, not in the hopeful farmer whose worn-out acres are close enough to the last discovery to warrant hope.

The whole situation is cruelly unfair to this warmhearted man, who, after all, lives in Texas, loves Texas, cares very genuinely about the Texas farmer and the Texas wildcatter; yet who, for all that, is a completely unpolitical animal, a scientist whose business it is to find oil.

"What do they want us to do?" he asked, his eyes pleading with me to give him an answer that would let him off the hook. "Get out of Saudi Arabia and let the Russians have the stuff?"

And there, in that too-simple question, was all the agony of all the simple, well-meaning men in the world who have to be confronted daily with evidence that nothing nowadays is simple, that good intentions are not always enough.

A telephone call mercifully intervened, and I sat staring at the notes I had scribbled, wondering what they would do up in Austin, once they got really riled, about this business of being the pawn of the international petroleum, sulphur, and chemical cartels. This was the state that in the 1890's had passed an Alien Land Law to keep out corporate carpetbaggers, that had written the first antitrust law in America. Already there is grumbling about absentee landlordism, about the way nine out of ten so-called Texas industries permit Texans to make just so much of anything: Texas parts to be assembled in Illinois, Texas assembly lines to put together Tennessee-made parts.

Who had allowed that situation to develop? Ironically, the older generation, the very diehards who had "seceded" from the Democratic Party of Al Smith and Franklin D. Roosevelt: In their unseemly eagerness to become Janizaries of Eastern business, they had brought Texas into a web of forty-eight-state economic interdependence from which not even the most rabid Dixiecrat can now escape.

"Been out to the Valley yet?" the geologist asked, his bounce restored by the bit of shop talk with another scientist. "You ought to go. Those fellows are stealing a march on Florida and California. They're canning and freezing grapefruit juice and sections in three flavors now: pineapple, cherry, and blackberry. Ah, you can't beat us Texans!" He laced his hands behind his head and planted a muddy pair of oxfords on the desk. "We've got this sense of space, elbow room, unlimited opportunity. Just keep the damned bureaucrats off our necks!"

I smiled involuntarily, wondering if this nice old man believed the cliché that puts an oil derrick on every farm as a sort of divine crop insurance. It isn't true, of course: the oil's only on every other farm. Ace Willis, for example, doesn't have a speck on his 22,400 acres in Dallam County.

Ace Willis came to the Texas Panhandle in 1933 to farm. This was the blowland, remember: the land that was to blow away forever in the mid-1930's. Like any native Texan, Willis thought big. He rented eighteen sections, and dusted in a feed crop. No rain, no feed. He tried hogs, and came out with a first-year profit of twenty-one dollars. The next year he planted wheat. No rain, no wheat. The commissions on a few farm-implement sales, plus a bit for grazing other men's cattle, kept him going. In 1935 he tried wheat again. It blew out. But he did manage to raise a little feed, and custom-pastured seven hundred head.

That was the year the local bureaucrat, the county agent, asked Willis to turn his place into a demonstration farm: ditch and terrace to catch what rain might fall, sink an artesian well, hold his wheat acreage to less than half the total, stock the rest with his own herds. What would he use for money? Washington would help a little. And then there was a local banker so old-fashioned he hadn't heard that character loans were out of style elsewhere.

That fall it rained, and Willis, holding the water for irrigation, harvested sixty-eight thousand bushels of wheat. Today he owns thirty-five sections, lives in a house with every big-city convenience, and takes in maybe fifty thousand dollars a year before taxes. And folks say, "Look at ol' Ace Willis, the lucky s.o.b." Why, shore; nothin' to it!

The fact is that there is probably not an acre anywhere in Texas that someone, at some time or other, has not washed his hands of; where Texas differs from tireder states is that it always has two incurable optimists to take the place of every quitter.

I walked out into the warm sunshine, marveling anew at the almost antiseptic cleanness of these Texas cities powered and heated by natural gas. Behind me, Main Street stretched southward for miles, past elegant churches, chili parlors, used-car lots, chiropractic clinics, and faded mansions; past the three-hundred-acre Byzantine-Moorish-Italian-Spanish-Gothic wonder that is Rice Institute, the flamboyant Shamrock Hotel, the acres and acres of new white bunga-

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lows, like so many square oil tanks on the flat, treeless prairie. Ahead lay the canyon formed by bank skyscrapers and oil-company skyscrapers done in Woolworth Tower Gothic. But what is the money spent on? The things in the fashionable department stores? There are department stores, but they are not fashionable: Sears, Roebuck; Montgomery Ward: Foley's (Federated); Joske's (of San Antonio); Woolworth's; Kresge's; Kress's. This is absentee landlordism with a vengeance.

Woolworth's is filled with good-naturedly jostling women: plain women, unwealthy women, white, brown, and black women. Do the chattering Mexicans use the FOR WHITE or the FOR COLORED drinking fountains? The former. (Is it always easy for them to remember?) But look at the eyes of the Negro women! Their menfolk have factory jobs now, they have money to spend, real folding money to be fished for in their cavernous red handbags.

Back on the pavement again, I saw the same subtle change in the Negro male: He walks with a spring, head up, eyes up, no longer shrinking to the curb to avoid collision with truculent whites—nor seeking collision. The Negro mounts a bus, smiling. There is no seat in the rear third, reserved for colored. He glances at a vacant place beside an unshaven, sullen man who quickly fans out one leg to block the thought. The Negro frowns. Why? Because he cannot have the seat? Or because the sight of the surly white man has reminded him that they do the same work for different wages?

Here at last was the Rice, symbol of the power of Jesse Jones, who owned all the first-class hotels until the upstart McCarthy built the Shamrock. I bought a copy of Jesse's green-sheet *Chronicle* and tucked it under my arm, knowing that it would tell me nothing of the much that I needed to know about Houston, about this huge, hospitable, paradoxical state that was once a republic on its own. Nor would the Hobbys' *Post*, nor Roy Howard's absentee-owned *Press*, nor any other newspaper in Texas. They all see in two dimensions: BIG x WONDERFUL=TEXAS; nothing seething, like the gas and oil, beneath the placid, flat surface of ten-gallon hats and bronzed grins, no buried salt domes of complicated human hopes and frustrations.

"Right on the dot!" my luncheon companion greeted me.

He is a pleasant young man, a scion of wealth who married wealth. (They breed everything scientifically in Texas.) He greeted the waiter with undisguised affection. "Unusual," he explained. "Studying law nights. Silly, isn't it, to make that kind sit in the back of a bus? Or send his kids to segregated schools either, for that matter. Damned expensive, too."

It would be ironical if this emerging generation down here should manage to wriggle off the race-bias hook by embracing nonsegregation for all those things they do not patronize anyway, leaving the Negro to wait a century for equal pay and decent homes.

"Well, we'll clean that mess up some day," the young man said. "As soon as we've taught Mr. Truman that he can't *make* us do it."

That evening, as I was riding out to a very old friend's for dinner, the thing finally came into focus: Houston really dates from the opening of the ship channel in 1912. So it's only thirty-eight years old. Had Cleveland shaken down at thirty-eight? Cincinnati? Kansas City? Or were they, too, struggling in those formative days with their own cussed, power-hungry, untamed tycoons?

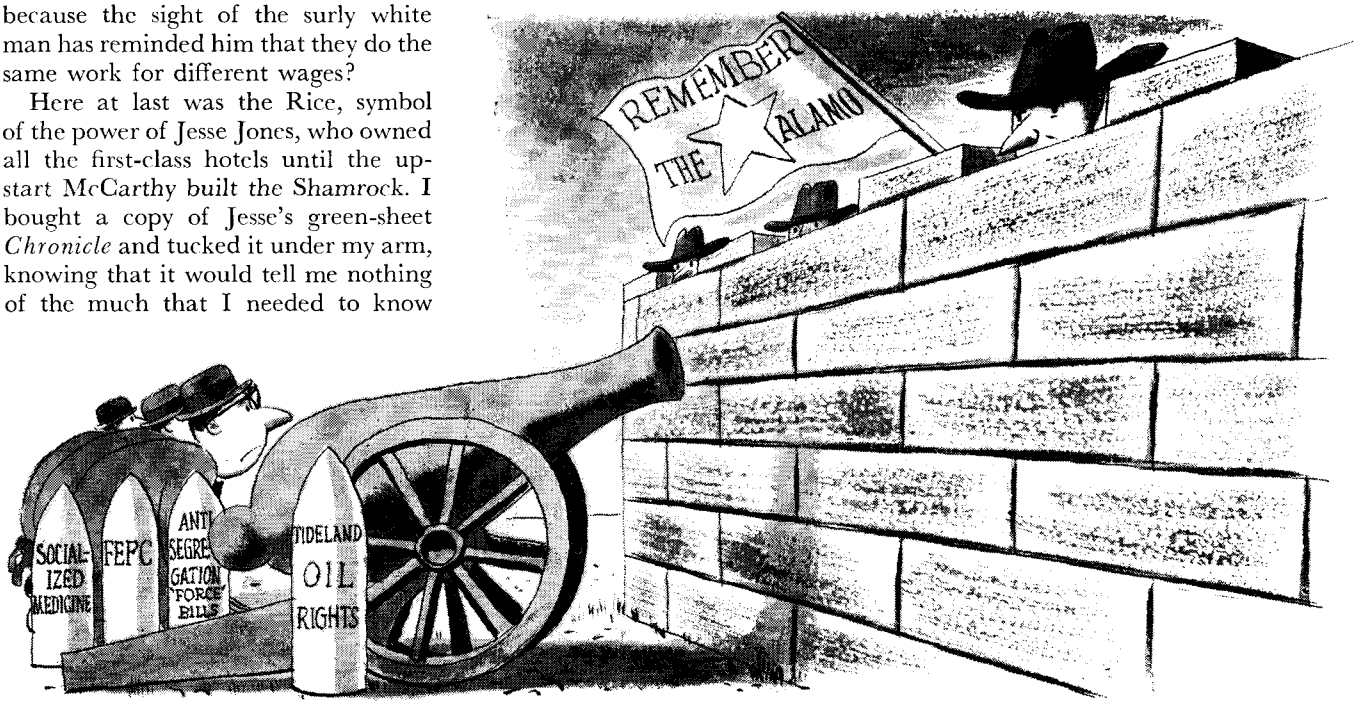
I told my friend about the lunch, and he nodded solemnly. "Jerry's a good guy. He probably meant what he said about cleaning up the mess. That may not sound like much to you, but his father wouldn't have said it." He tossed me a questioning glance. "Sounds as though you had a pretty rough day. Hope you haven't given up on Houston a'ready."

Given up? On a youngster of thirty-eight? In this tired, bomb-rattled world, you can't give up on youth.

The question is how Houston, the new sky's-the-limit Texas of which Houston is in some ways the symbol, will grow up.

It could grow like San Antonio: backwards. For thirty-five years (1885-1920), "Santone" was the largest city in the state; today it is fighting to hold third place. Once the gateway to southwest Texas, it is now merely a place where retired generals age and crumble with the Alamo.

Maury Maverick was once mayor of



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this town, Congressman from this (the Twentieth) district. That was during the depression, when the carpetbagger Republicans from New York, Ohio, and Wisconsin lost a couple of rounds to naked fear. The theory was that Maury, being a maverick, could get more out of That Man. But when it developed that only the tail of the financial blizzard was going to hit Texas (actually, payrolls dipped only five per cent, three hundred new plants were opened, the state climbed from twenty-sixth to twelfth in manufactures), they turned Maury out, and have since been faithfully mirrored in Washington by a Congressman who votes the straight McKinley line.

There is a new generation in San Antonio, too; it was on the golf links. I saw five people, got a warm reception, a new (to me) Margaret Truman smear story, some staggering statistics on oil and cattle research, and a bellyful of pinto beans. But when night fell, and with it some of my bright hopes for Texas, I slipped off to Dallas.

Fortunately the younger Houston (the new Texas) could grow like the younger Dallas: forward. Slowly, unevenly, often a trifle unwillingly, like a pachyderm being nudged from behind; but forward.

Dallas is the cotton-brokerage capital of the world, the second largest insurance center in America, the geophysical and petroleum-service company headquarters for the mid-continent area, the sales and warehouse distribution point for the Southwest. This handsome city, in some ways more like New York than any other in America, has nearly as many people (550,000) as Houston, three banks larger than Houston's largest, and at least as many millionaires.

Working together quietly, anonymously, some of these millionaires (and quite a number of influential Dallasites who are not millionaires) have evolved a gracious, active, fruitful way of life that seems to be understood, wanted, and fully supported by both newspapers and at least half the citizens. I took the dark-skinned pulse of Deep Ellum, prowled through the sharply contrasting white residential districts in a cab, visited the cluster of museums in State Fair Park, strolled up Commerce and down Main, past the largest bookstore in the world (Cokesbury's) and one of the most recherché (McMurray's), past the smart, home-owned department stores, pausing briefly to admire the expensive Paris gowns in Neiman-Marcus's windows. And then, still groping for the key to Dallas, to the Texas of tomorrow, I went to see John Rosenfield, the youthful, exuberant Alexander Woollcott-proportioned theater editor of the conservative old *Morning News*.

Rosenfield talked of the late Arthur Kramer, head of Harris's, Neiman-Marcus's chief rival, and how Kramer had bullied the Citizens' Council into bringing the Metropolitan Opera to Dallas as an annual fixture, of how the council had insisted on having the best symphony orchestra in the Southwest ("the best is none too good for Dallas"), of Margot Jones's launching of what is now Theater '50, of the recent acquisitions of the Museum of Fine Arts.

He showed me around the brand-new *News* plant, surely the handsomest newspaper shop in creation. "Politically, we're still a little creaky in the joints," he said. "But the accent is on youth." We dropped in on Lon Tinkle, bouncy young editor of one of the best Sunday book pages in the country. Allen Maxwell, editor of Southern Methodist University's *Southwest Review*, was there, and the conversation was about the need for more self-criticism, more "social" literature in Texas.

Leaving, I remembered that this was the paper that, back in the 1890's, fought Governor Jim Hogg as the symbol of "the more or less revolutionary impulse of Communism," that swung Dallas County for William McKinley. But that was not the *News* of the Rosenfield-Tinkle generation. Tradition vs. youth. Which would win? Was culture enough?

I popped the question to a weather-leathered lawyer, a long-time New Deal lieutenant for northeast Texas.

"Oh, culture doesn't hurt a town," he said. "S'pose if you did some research on it, you might find civilized communities tend to be more mature socially. We move slowly here, socially. This is the place where the open shop was born, and the nabobs are still afraid of unionism; but we're pretty well organized. Folks say we've got a bad race record, but here the other day our somewhat conservative city council gave the private builders three months to do something about Negro slum clearance, or they'd flag in some more Federal money. You read the *News's* lead editorial this morning?" I read the lines indicated by his thumbnail: "The *News* has come to the conclusion long since that involuntary segregation by law is wrong in principle."

"Done any fishing down here?" He grinned. "They tell me the catfish are running upriver, and I've got to do something about it. 'Course some folks don't like catfish, but you give me a hot skillet and . . ."

An hour later I said I hated to leave,

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but College Station and Austin were waiting.

"Go see Frank Dobie and some of his young acolytes. If Texas has got a future, Frank's the symbol of it. He's apt to spend a whole evening gassing about his damned coyotes. He likes coyotes. Me, I like fishing. If you'd had more time here, we could have talked about fish some." He split his face with a sly grin and held out a gnarled, bony hand. "It's going to take quite a while to save the world, and I figure only us relaxed liberals have got much chance of living to see it."

College Station and Austin are likely spots in which to polish off a Texas tour. Between them they have, at any given moment from September to June, twenty-eight thousand students from every part of the state; to say nothing of the state officials, legislators, assorted politicians, retired politicians, and lobbyists who spend a good deal of their time in the capital.

At College (Texans never bother with the second word of a two-word town) the students of Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College, all male, most of them in the uniforms of Army reserve officers, were marching into Guion Hall to hear Joe Harsch of *The Christian Science Monitor* tell about his 1949 junket behind the Iron Curtain.

"They know what the score is," a professor assured me. "They know, for example, that they are going to have to do the rough work of lifting Texas the rest of the way out of the mesquite and mud. But they also know that they can't do it without sustained high incomes in agriculture. And they know that means help from Washington. Integration and co-operation are the big words around here."

Dobie was not in Austin; he was still a fugitive from the "cedar fever" that keeps him off the university faculty (or rather, that gives Homer T. Rainey's successor an excuse to keep an outspoken liberal off the faculty). But his acolytes were in evidence.

I saw some of them among the more than fifteen thousand shirt-sleeved and barelegged students who whisked purposefully from class to class on the two-hundred-acre campus. They did not seem to be depressed by what had so lately happened to Homer Rainey, their onetime president, the whilom martyr of higher education. But of course they were never quite taken in by the national Rainey legend. The big thing in the early pre-spring of 1950 was the student referendum on admission of Negroes on an equal footing, stymied at the last minute by a court injunction.

"Reckon they were afraid of how it might have turned out?" a *Daily Texan* editor asked. Well, even the Dallas *News* was prepared for the inevitable. "It's a pretty old-fashioned sheet, though," another campus journalist opined. "Do you reckon we could start a sort of special edition of the *Texan*—you know, go out after general state-wide circulation? The state ought to have *one* decent paper." "It will have more than one, as soon as a few more of you guys get out there where you can do a little inside boring," his journalism professor reminded him. The lad nodded grimly.

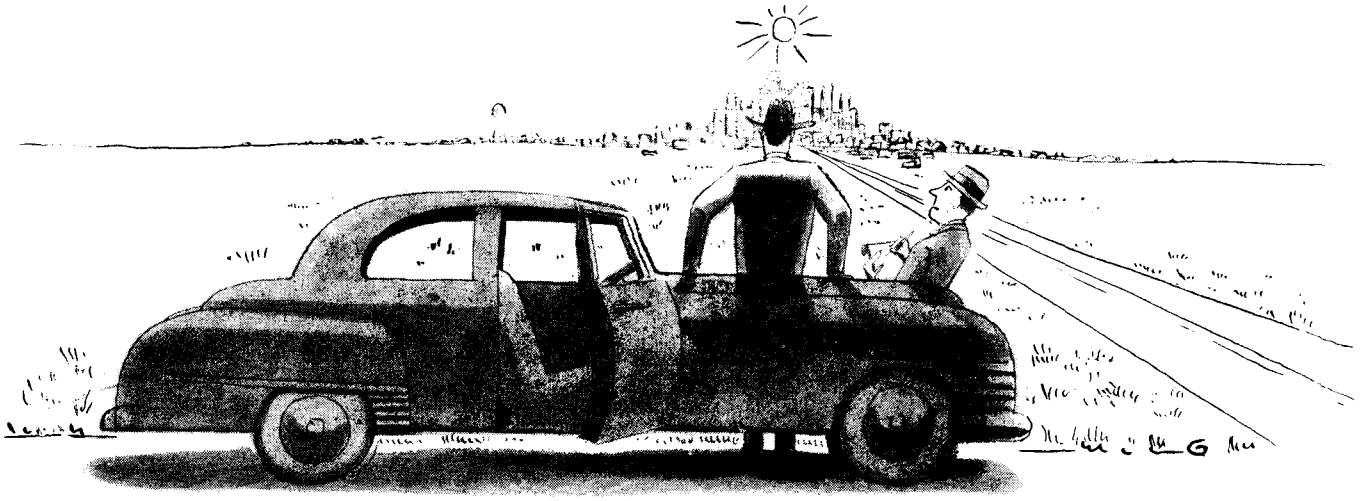
I saw some of the faces again and again, in gracious Austin homes: students, faculty members, authors, newspapermen already boring from within.

The touchstone of Texas's political future, they told me, would be the daily-expected Texas Supreme Court ruling on the seating of two Tarrant County (Fort Worth) members of the state Democratic committee. The September, 1948, convention had elected pro-Truman liberals. The displaced Dixiecrats had cried "fraud." The district-and-civil-appeals court had concurred. The highest tribunal had been silent for months. A bad sign.

In Tulsa three days later I was reading a local paper at dinner, and there it was, page-one news in neighboring Oklahoma, page-one news anywhere: With only one dissent, the Texas Supreme Court had ruled against the Dixiecrats.

Suddenly I saw again all those serious young faces, and realized that I knew something about Texans that maybe a lot of stereotype-bemused Texans are not fully aware of—yet. The fact is that the Lone Star subcontinent has produced a whole new citizen crop, watered by two decades of world-wide political trial and error and ripened on the battlefields of Europe, Africa, and Asia. This generation is going to wear neither the Republocrat regalia nor Mr. Truman's welfare-state barrel. But it is going to preserve Texas for the Union.

Which is a lucky thing for all of us, because Texas is worth preserving. In a way, it is a sort of roomy repository, perhaps the only one left, of the spirit that used to pervade America, in the days when people did not wail about "used-up frontiers" and "irresistible world cycles." —Llewellyn White



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Arkansas

McMath Enlarges His Beachhead

At thirty-seven, Sidney Sanders McMath of Arkansas is the country's second youngest governor, and by all odds its handsomest. He is one of the few political leaders in the South who show any willingness to be identified with the Truman Administration, and as such he has become a personal favorite of the President. These circumstances have made McMath good copy, and since he took office in January, 1949, he has been written up by half a dozen national periodicals.

By now millions of Americans must be aware that McMath was born in a log cabin, that he decided to run for governor while still in the sixth grade, that he picked cotton and sold newspapers as a boy, that his father was a barber with a weakness for the bottle, that the Marine Corps gave him a Silver Star and a battlefield promotion to lieutenant colonel at Guadalcanal, and that he returned from the war to destroy a notorious political machine in his home town.

The fact that McMath is, as one of his biographers has said, "fantastically endowed with all the time-tested . . . trappings that political orators have successfully hawked since . . . Abe Lincoln" helps explain a spectacular career, but it also serves to obscure that career's importance. McMath has been inevitably type-cast as a slayer of dragons, when in fact he is an energetic professional politician, fully aware of the system under which he operates.

The crusade which gave McMath his political start was more a matter of circumstance than of choice. Hot Springs, where McMath grew up and where he practiced law in prewar days, is a resort town with a long history of casual corruption. Over the years it had spawned a gambling syndicate that, according to a later grand-jury estimate, grossed thirty million dollars a year. The undisputed master of the town for more than twenty years had been Mayor Leo McLaughlin, a dapper Irishman with a tight grip on the election machinery.

Analyzing the situation in military terms, McMath decided that the McLaughlin strongholds in the city hall and courthouse could be taken only by frontal assault. In 1946, discharge buttons were still potent symbols, and McMath organized a group of veterans under the red, white, and blue banner of a Government Improvement League, a title that was conveniently abbreviated to G.I. The G.I.'s put an all-veteran slate in the field and began playing unashamedly upon their military records. McLaughin took the first round in the Democratic primary, but the G.I.'s went into the general election as independents, and managed to bring in the FBI to insure an honest count. When the last insults and imprecations had died away they held every major city and county office.

For most of those who participated in it, Operation McLaughlin was an end in itself. For McMath it was an incident in a dawning career. He was already running for governor before he assumed his new office of prosecuting attorney. His record in the latter job was an indifferent one. He has never bothered to apologize for his failure to convict McLaughlin on any of the numerous indictments that were brought against the ex-mayor. McMath believed that the essential job in Hot Springs was done the day the votes were counted honestly.

McMath emerged from the Hot Springs fracas with a state-wide reputation, which had been obtained without any of the usual political entanglements. Long before he made his formal bid for governor he had become the man to beat. There wasn't a candidate in sight who could meet him on his own terms.

The trouble, as McMath soon recognized, was that he wasn't going to be allowed to choose the terms. His popularity with the voters was offset by his unpopularity with politicians of all persuasions. This time he had no personal enemy, and no simple, dramatic issue. He faced urgent problems of organization and finance.

On a limited front in 1946, crusading had been clearly indicated. On a state-wide front in 1948, it clearly was not, so McMath proceeded to make other arrangements. He obtained the services of an existing state-wide organization by working what is still regarded as a political miracle in Arkansas. Trading upon his position as the leading contender, he managed to bring together two bitter enemies in search of a candidate, former Governors Carl Bailey and Homer Adkins, who had not spoken to each other for six years. Between them, Bailey and Adkins gave him entree to every courthouse in the state. They also put him in touch with individuals and organizations that were in the habit of putting up substantial campaign funds.

The campaign brought out nine candidates, four of whom were conceded a chance. Among them they spent at least a million dollars, and of that total at least a quarter was spent by or for McMath. Some of this dribbled in from persons who simply wanted to make an investment in good government, but the bulk of it came from the usual sources—the people who want to do business with the state, or without undue interference from it.

McMath's stump appearances were somewhat reminiscent of the old Operation McLaughlin: The loudspeakers blared the Marine Hymn as

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he strode on stage, every inch a fighting man. In content his speeches were on the conventional side. The emphasis was on roads, schools, hospitals, new industries, and on the increased pensions that a substantial number of Arkansas's old folks think they need. He invited controversy only when he promised reform of Arkansas's antiquated election machinery, and when he promised, mostly by implication, a better deal for Arkansas's half a million Negroes. This step took considerable personal courage, for McMath's leading opponent, Jack Holt, was following the white-supremacy line, and Arkansas's then governor, Ben Laney, was emerging as a leading spokesman for the Dixiecrats.

McMath received the largest vote in the first primary, but he did not win the majority necessary for nomination. His runoff with Holt, who had teamed up with third-place "Uncle Mac" MacKrell, a radio evangelist and flour salesman with a solid following at the branch-heads, was a singularly bitter contest. Holt based his pitch on race, and MacKrell on class, which gave them an appeal in both the hills and the Mississippi basin. McMath squeezed in by ten thousand votes, most of which he owed to a last-minute switch by several east-Arkansas machine counties.

Normally the Democratic nomination would have assured McMath a clear title to both the governorship and the party machinery. But this was the year of the Dixiecrats, and a phalanx of party officials, headed by Governor Laney, was plotting to seize the Democratic state convention and declare for Thurmond and Wright. They also threatened McMath with a Dixiecrat opponent. McMath countered by holding a series of convention-eve conferences with delegates from Dixiecrat counties. When his visitors began discussing ideology, McMath began discussing the possibility of paving some of the rutted roads in their counties. He so effectively cut the ground from under the Dixiecrats that the motion to support the Thurmond-Wright ticket never reached the floor.

McMath's term thus far as governor has been an extension of his campaign for office. He does not have an automatic majority in the legislature. When, in his inaugural address, he translated his campaign platform into specific proposals for legislative action, the opposition was immediate. McMath was in no position to whip the legislature into line by main strength, but he did have access to some highly persuasive patronage. He moved in on two fronts. At informal dinners presided over by his attractive wife, he subjected the legislators to his charm. And in a series of head-butting sessions in his office he horse-traded jobs, paving, bridges, and other such attractions in return for support of his key projects.

McMath claims he got ninety per cent of his program through the legislature, and quantitatively the estimate is fair enough. He pushed through authorization for a twenty-eight-million-dollar bond issue, as the basis for an eighty-million-dollar road program. He got a substantial increase in old-age benefits, although it fell far short of his campaign promises. He got some increases in school appropriations, and laid the groundwork for a later, successful campaign that pushed the state's per-pupil expenditure up

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from eighty-two to one hundred dollars. He got enough money to make a token beginning on a great new University of Arkansas medical center in Little Rock.

He has also suffered some major setbacks. His election-reform meaures were well watered down before they passed, and his anti-lynching bill was smothered. As his end of the horse-trading, he had to acquiesce to several dubious special-interest bills—including a measure that exempted liquor exporters who wanted to ship their product into dry Oklahoma and Mississippi from paying Arkansas's heavy liquor taxes.

In the early days of this régime, McMath was frequently criticized as an inept administrator, and some of his associates privately agreed. It took him a while to learn that the vague answer, while useful in dealing with a constituent, may be disastrous with a professional politician. Many an applicant for patronage went away feeling that he had a definite promise, only to find out later that he had been left out in the cold. In the months after the legislature adjourned, the cries of "double-cross" rose to an alarming crescendo. McMath met the threat in characteristic fashion. He spent most of last summer touring the state, soothing ruffled local leaders and appearing at a series of meetings where he and his principal assistants presented their program directly to the voters.

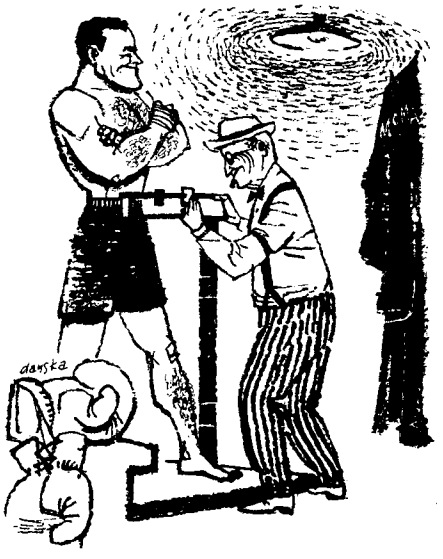
Arkansas elects its governors for only two years, although by custom most of them have been given a second term without a full-dress campaign. In McMath's case, however, there is still a bitter, well-financed opposition. Fundamentally, this group is Dixiecratic, but it can also count on the support of a number of former McMath men who, under the pressures of practical politics, have broken with the governor since he took office. The business community has been generally nervous ever since McMath began outlining ambitious and expensive state projects. He has operated under a sort of uneasy truce with the powerful Arkansas Power and Light Company.

During his fence-repairing, McMath has found time to run a good many errands for Truman. He has defended the Democratic faith before party rallies and veterans' conventions in Indianapolis, Nashville, Oklahoma City, Miami, and elsewhere, and in every instance he has had a favorable press.

The most embarrassing element in McMath's identification with the Truman Administration is, of course, the President's uncompromising insistence on the civil-rights program. McMath could no more support the program and survive in Arkansas than Adam Clayton Powell could oppose it and survive in Harlem. His solution has been to support the program's goal —improvement of conditions for the Negro—while opposing its method.

In addition to his state anti-lynching bill, he is supporting a constitutional amendment to repeal Arkansas's poll-tax law. He accepts the pattern of social segregation, but insists that it does not necessarily involve discrimination. He has consistently insisted upon even-handed apportionment of state funds between Negro and white schools, and as evidence of his state's progress he frequently cites the fact that the University of Arkansas was one of the first state institutions in the South to lower the bars against Negroes in its graduate schools. To alarmed associates, he points out that, despite the poll tax, some fifty thousand Arkansas Negroes were already eligible to vote in the 1948 election.

The Dixiecrats have consistently condemned McMath on the theory that anyone who won't join them must be against them. A good many professional liberals have sought to befriend him simply because he isn't a Dixiecrat. McMath is a serious student of politics, but he is no intellectual of the stripe of Senator Frank Graham of North Carolina. His attention is fixed always on the attainable, which, so far, he has been able to distinguish from the merely desirable.



There is probably less corruption in the statehouse today than there has been in recent years. Nevertheless McMath has used the tarnished tools of his trade without any visible sign of flinching, and occasionally a whiff of scandal rises from the patronage-ridden bureaus where jobs are handed out and contracts let. McMath has indicated that he hopes to get around to hosing down the political stables once he is secure in his second term, and he has already laid the groundwork for reform by appointing a "Little Hoover Commission" with a membership that ranges from the head of the conservative Public Expenditures Council to the state director of the CIO. His goal, he says, is more efficient government, and—conventional and rarely obtained though it may be—it has meaning in terms of his personal ambitions. McMath recognizes that the program he has blocked out for Arkansas is going to cost more money than the state now takes in, and the only alternative to curtailing operating costs is new taxes. With a wet finger always in the political wind, McMath believes that in elections to come it will be well for any candidate to have a reputation as a careful man with the public dollar.

Elections to come are always on McMath's mind, even though it is probable that he hasn't yet decided just which one will claim his attention after this year's. The most obvious move is to the United States Senate; John L. McClellan, a sworn enemy, will be up for re-election in 1954. But there are recurring rumors that McMath may be in line for an even bigger jump, as a possible running mate for Harry Truman (or his successor) in 1952. McMath deprecates these reports, but it doesn't seem likely that a man of his ability, ambition and knowledge of political history has overlooked the fact that once before when political rebellion was brewing in the South, the Democrats turned to Arkansas, for a candidate to share the ticket with Al Smith.

—HARRY S. ASHMORE

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Labor

Violence Is Old-Fashioned

September, 1945, was the start of a highly unusual period in American labor history. In the first nine months after V-J Day, 112 million man-days were lost in strikes. The total man-days lost in 1946 topped 116 million. Every major unionized industry except rubber was closed at one time or another. Yet the magnitude of the 1945-1946 strike wave was less spectacular than its nonviolent character.

Until a few years ago, every major strike in this country had produced physical clashes between union and employer forces over which should control access to the workplace. For the union a strike involved a military operation. Its pickets had to contend with strikebreakers and private police, and frequently also with city and state police.

During the Second World War the number of strikes decreased, but what few there were remained as grim as ever. The employer made the usual violent efforts to keep production going, and the strikers the usual violent efforts to halt it.

The end of the war brought a sudden change. All the 1945-1946 strikes together involved less conflict and damage than many a minor strike in the 1930's. With only one important exception—the Western Union strike in New York City—employers did not seriously try to operate their establishments once a strike had been called.

This behavior has been wrongly attributed to managerial timidity. Actually, the explanation could be found in government policy. Industry was bargaining with the government for higher OPA prices. The negotiations that really settled most of the important strikes—notably the "pattern-making" contracts in steel, electrical manufacturing, and coal—were not between unions and employers but between employers and the government. Their subject matter was not wages but prices.

In bargaining with the government, employers knew that their position would be substantially strengthened if they could suspend production at a time when the country was enjoying unprecedented buying power. Very few could risk closing their plants themselves. But when the unions did it for them, they took advantage of the situation to bargain price concessions out of the government. Once the U.S. Steel Corporation got its five-dollar-a-ton price increase and General Electric got increases on its whole electrical-appliance list, they wasted no time coming to terms with the unions.

There is no indication whatever that the unions understood what was happening. They had repeatedly opposed price increases. In the General Motors strike of 1946, for example, Walter Reuther declared he would withdraw his demand for wage increases if the corporation demonstrated to his satisfaction that price increases would inevitably follow. The unions were aware that representatives of industry and the OPA were haggling frantically in Washington, but they failed to see any connection between this and the fact that no "back-to-work" movements were encouraged.

One other factor contributed to the peacefulness of the 1945-1946 strike wave—the psychology of the American worker when the war ended. For four years he had been urged to work harder and longer, not to be late or absent, not to take vacations. When the war ended and the strikes began, he wanted mostly to putter around the house. The strikes of 1945-1946 were labor holidays; scores of local and district union officials found it almost impossible to get a few dozen volunteers, in locals running to thousands of members, to carry placards for four hours a day.

In the spring of 1946, the American industrial landscape was not only quiet, it was deserted. Workers were digging in their gardens, repairing roofs, painting kitchens, fishing, or just sitting at home. It would have taken much more than the usual measure of provocation—and there *was* much less—to have whipped up a spirit of violence. The underlying economic problems of 1945-1946, and the atmosphere in which they were worked out, were quite special. There was no reason to conclude, because of the tranquillity of 1945 and 1946, that the violent strike had become obsolete in America. But, amazingly enough, the three rounds of bargaining and striking since 1946

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have seemed to bear out this contention.

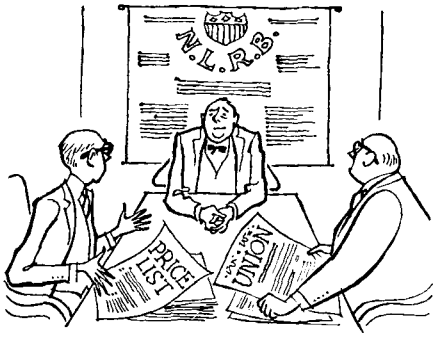
What had happened was, simply, that the unions and management had made bargains in 1946 which they found satisfactory. The strikes that did occur, with no notable exception, followed the 1946 pattern.

Management has learned that strikebreaking is a dubious undertaking. Few major strikes have been broken in the last decade. Almost all attempts to round up strikebreakers and start back-to-work movements have failed. Instead of breaking union morale, these efforts have given unions desperate energy, and ended with workers returning to their jobs embittered and less than fully productive.

Tom Girdler and Sewell Avery are no longer heroes even in the business community, for their tactics have not paid off. Neither the economic nor the social incentive exists any more for old-style union-busting.

How obsolete this particular business folkway had become was apparent in the steel strike of 1949. Previously, U.S. Steel had been involved in only two national strikes. After it fought the AFL in 1919, the Federation went twenty years without a foothold in a mass-production industry; when U.S. Steel decided to recognize the CIO in 1937, the CIO became a going concern.

Three times during 1949, Philip Murray set a strike date; three times it was postponed. Finally his procrastination was interpreted as a sign of weakness; he could defer his deadline no longer. Why had Murray temporized so long? He was afraid of a strike on the pre-1946 model. In May, 1937, striking against only half of the industry's manufacturing capacity (not including U. S. Steel), the union suffered what was perhaps the CIO's sharpest defeat. Mr. Murray was prepared to go to great lengths to avoid clashes like that of Memorial Day, 1937, when ten pickets were killed by police outside a Republic Steel Corporation plant in South Chicago.



When the 1949 strike finally came, it was completely peaceful. It has been authoritatively reported that executives of U.S. Steel and the other companies never considered trying to operate the struck plants. The fact is that now strikes are bloodless battles of public relations and economic attrition.

Not that disagreement between unions and management has basically abated. Both sides are as determined—and often as intransigent—as they were in the days of bare fists and brass knuckles. But now the style of conflict has changed. Of course, violence may again break out now and then, but in general it may be said that the nature of the American strike has changed: that calling a strike is no longer the dangerous enterprise it used to be; and that because it is easier for unions to call strikes, the bargaining power of organized labor has been enhanced.

With this change in labor-management relationships there has come another. American labor struggles have always exhibited two strong characteristics: first, violence, and, second, the narrowly practical objectives of the unions. American labor always fought for practical, bread-and-butter, next-pay-envelope gains, and it was always assumed that the unions were able to mobilize labor because they battled only for concrete, immediate objectives such as higher wages, shorter hours, and improved working conditions.

In 1949, the unions in the mass-production industries raised demands for pensions. The rewards were remote; the average age of union steelworkers is forty-two years, and pensions begin at sixty-five. American labor had become ready to fight for something far beyond the next contract.

This revolutionary extension in the area of collective bargaining could not have come sooner than 1949. By then, the big unions had developed the habit of going after new gains every year, or as contracts expired. The rank and file were not only accustomed to this cycle; they would, if the leadership hesitated, have insisted on it. It was difficult to demand wage increases in 1949, for industry had won the battle of economic indoctrination, and the public and many union members were convinced that wage raises meant price rises. So labor leadership took up the pension issue. It turned out to be a historic decision.

It does not follow that from now on the unions will concern themselves with such demands exclusively. A guaranteed annual wage and labor participation in managerial decisions may not become strike issues tomorrow, but they will the day after tomorrow. When employer resistance to wage increases backed up by public resistance makes it hazardous for unions to focus all their demands on the pay envelope, the urge for annual gains will begin expressing itself in abstract demands that would have been considered mad by the labor leaders of only ten years ago.

Wage increases have been won by the CIO and AFL every year for the last ten years. In the judgment of the leadership, they were not feasible in 1949. They may be again in 1950, or 1952. But in the not too distant future, barriers will again exist against pressure for immediate economic gains. Then the importance of the pension issue as a precedent will be manifest. American labor has already carried the bargaining process to a new frontier.

—HECTOR TROY

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Low-Pitched Strike At Chrysler

At the United Automobile Workers Headquarters in Detroit, a policeman, revolver on hip, sits at the front entrance from dusk to dawn. During the day anyone who enters is closely questioned, for not long ago there was an attempt at dynamiting. Walter Reuther arrives in an armored car.

This is the background against which eighty-nine thousand employees of the Chrysler Corporation went on strike late in January. But the background is misleading. Although ninety per cent of the strikers worked in the Detroit area, there was hardly a sign of the strike on the streets near the various union halls or at the international headquarters. There were no mass picket lines; no flying squadrons swept through the city; few meetings were held.

The strike issue boiled down to a disagreement on the funding and administration of pensions. The conflict was a bitter one, in which neither side pulled any punches. But the blows were struck through full-page advertisements, radio speeches, newspaper releases, and endless and often acrimonious negotiations over the traditional long green-baize-covered table.

Every day the corporation ran full-page ads in the papers; every week it sent four-page letters to its employees. The union broadcast daily over its own FM radio station, WDET, and bought time three days a week on standard, commercial WJR. What went over big with the membership was the figures on Chrysler earnings: net profits of $132,170,096 in 1949 against $89,187,240 in 1948, and net sales of $2,084,602,547 in 1949 against $1,567,933,360 in 1948.

Following broad outlines laid down by a strategy board of union officers, the strike was run by the individual locals with a large degree of autonomy and apparently little communication between them.

Local 7, with fifteen thousand members, provided a good example of how strikers in 1950 carry out their duties and pass their leisure time. Its headquarters is a big brick building on the east side of Detroit, near Jefferson Avenue, where bars follow one another in endless procession. Only Butte, Montana, has more bars than this part of Detroit, they say.

This is the point of greatest density in our industrial society. The names of the factories concentrated within a few blocks sound like a social register of the automotive industry. Here are all the tensions of unresolved racial, industrial, and social conflicts which give Detroit its uneasy, explosive, violent quality.

Over an excellent meal in the strike kitchen, I learned about how smoothly Local 7 was running. "We won't have to go to the International for money yet awhile," one man told me. "We're well off. We're not a local that believes in throwing money around. We pay for all our groceries at the Motor City Union Co-op."

"You never saw anything like the way we left the plant the day the strike order came," the chairman of organization boasted. "The production workers were out in the street in three minutes flat. Even the cops were surprised at our order and discipline."

"Too bad you didn't get here in time for our caravan," another striker said. "They started whispering around that we weren't picketing because we couldn't. So we threw a caravan of nearly a thousand cars around the plants. Now they know when we say we've got fifty reserves for every squadron car rolling, we mean it." But this had been one of the few nervous moments in a low-pitched strike.

"You just look at our first strike bulletin. That gives you an idea of this strike," said the publicity chairman. One item read: "Many workers are asking why no picket lines during this strike. There is no need for picket lines as long as there are no scabs, and we know Local 7 has just about one hundred per cent union men and women. Your Chief Steward and Flying Squadron will watch the gates 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, and they, as well as everyone else working on strike assignment, *do not get one cent of pay* from any source, as some company stooges would have you believe. Keep on demonstrating your true union solidarity and we will win our demands. This hundred per cent solidarity gives our negotiators backing."

Not all of the workers were pleased with the calmness of the strike. Some of the more seasoned men thought that there should have been more meetings and more picketing, though no one suggested the old mass picket lines any more than management planned to bring in strikebreakers or foster a back-to-work movement. The general feeling was that "if the miners can just stay home, the auto workers can too."

Some headed south for vacations. Others found odd jobs. More drifted to the union halls, which were always open, and amused themselves with cards, the radio, or television. Some nights there was something special—free movies, with Crackerjack for the children, regular union meetings, social nights for families.

A strange strike. Instead of keeping morale up by mass picketing, the locals left that problem to the radio and recreation divisions and the counseling service.

Union counselors, specially trained, were the link between the union and welfare agencies. The counselors screened the workers needing relief. City or county agencies furnished money for food and fuel, and paid utility bills and, in some cases, rent. No question was too small or too complicated for the counselor. If a union member faced eviction, the counselor forestalled it. If his wife was going to have a baby, the counselor would tell

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him what hospital to go to. If a member had to move, the counselor arranged for a union truck.

Out of every dollar of UAW dues, five per cent had gone into the strike fund. This fund took care of the cases of exceptional want which the social agencies did not fill. The union also arranged with finance companies to defer payments on houses, household equipment, and cars. The UAW credit union made small emergency loans, saving its members fifteen million dollars in interest.

Many gifts flowed into the strike war chest, ranging from a hundred thousand dollars, donated by the Steelworkers, to packages of groceries. AFL barbers gave strikers free shaves and haircuts.

This strike made me think of the roaring days of the sit-down strikes—but only because of the contrast. In 1937, mass picket lines surrounded the plants, and hundreds of flying-squadron cars filled the streets. Before the Chrysler settlement that year there was a monster mass meeting in Cadillac Square. The police advised employers in the neighborhood to send their office help home because a riot was expected. First the Red Cross wagons drew up (to take away the dead and wounded). Black Marias were ranged around the square to take away the rioters. All the police in Detroit were out on duty.

In those days local halls boiled with activity right around the clock, seven days a week. Meeting followed meeting; the strikers danced to their own music until the broom squad came in the morning to clean up.

In this latest UAW strike the only episode reminiscent of the old days has been the one great mass meeting on March 7, when eighteen thousand enthusiastic strikers went to the State Fair Coliseum to listen to Walter Reuther and Norman Matthews, head of the union's Chrysler division.

Any doubt as to the strikers' staying power was dispelled there when they saw each others' faces and felt each others' strength. They roared their approval when Norman Matthews said: "The miners have won and we can win, too!" These automobile workers can't imagine themselves without their union. You hear men say, "You might as well take away a man's religion as his union." —MARY HEATON VORSE

Senate

My Friend McCarthy

SENATORIAL IMMUNITY
"I WOULD NOT WANT TO BE A PARTY TO ANY ACTION WHICH WOULD 'SMEAR' INNOCENT INDIVIDUALS FOR THE REST OF THEIR LIVES."
—J. EDGAR HOOVER
MCCARTHY
POLITICS
SELF-ADVERTISEMENT
Yardley

The last time Senator Joseph R. McCarthy passed through Milwaukee in February, he and I had lunch together. McCarthy has always been friendly to reporters, particularly those who work for unfriendly papers, and so I have been privileged to spend a good deal of time with him these last few years, talking and sometimes arguing over meals or drinks. I feel that I know him rather well. I like him quite a lot and enjoy being with him.

When we met in February, McCarthy had just finished the cross-country tour during which he had launched his attack on the State Department. That day my paper, the Milwaukee *Journal*, bore an eight-column headline saying that the President had called McCarthy a liar. The Senator seemed nervous and tired. A chronic sinus condition which prevents him from smoking was obviously bothering him, and if I had not been familiar with his immense vitality I would have thought that he was close to the end of his tether. He said he knew that this latest campaign had brought him into a bigger league than the ones in which he has operated previously.

Without a doubt, Senator McCarthy is one of the most cynical men I have

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ever known. I have often found him willing to admit to motives which most other men would prefer to conceal. In private conversation, at least, he concedes that he is out for himself; organization, Republican platforms and programs—the entire democratic value of the party system—mean little to him. His tactics almost always follow a sort of political law of the jungle—keep on the offense, destroy the influence of the opposition at all costs, distract the public's attention from issues, get into the news as frequently and as dramatically as possible, and let handshaking take care of the rest.

As a handshaker, the Senator is untiring and extremely competent. I have seen him rush from place to place, make a speech here and a deal there, slap backs, tell jokes—to what would seem to be the point of total exhaustion. Then he would lie down on a hotel-room floor for an hour or two and arise genuinely refreshed to start on his rounds again. Perhaps the word that best describes McCarthy's activity, physical and mental, is "compulsive."

He talks fast and furiously, balancing on the balls of his feet as if he were ready to take off, and gesturing wildly with his short, workingman's hands. He gulps rather than drinks a Martini. Most of the time there is a glint, which only those who don't know him well would call a twinkle, in his eyes. McCarthy has a prodigious memory for dirty stories, and his own laughter is hearty. His sense of humor is distinctly crude, and his sarcasm, when he indulges in it, can be very heavy. However, although he occasionally is rude toward lesser enemies he is usually engaging and ingratiating. One time when he and I had dinner together at a party convention, he jumped up to shake hands, make introductions, and rush to other tables in a headlong manner. I asked if all the interruptions didn't disturb him. He answered, "I love it. And anybody who doesn't shouldn't be in politics."

Unlike most Wisconsin politicians, McCarthy has never made a habit of grabbing restaurant checks. On the principle that the working press should not be obliged to pay, he has occasionally treated me to food and drink, but he usually manages to outfumble his companions when it comes time to pay the waiter. Sometimes he makes a hearty joke of it. One night, after a banquet for a new Supreme Court Justice, several of us were standing around discussing where to go next. Someone suggested the Athletic Club. "That's the place where only a member can pay, isn't it?" asked McCarthy gleefully. "Fine, let's go there." He was not a member.

McCarthy seldom shows any particular knowledge of broad problems. He once told me that the real trouble with the Republicans was that they believed that people were actually interested in political issues. But he often bones up on and exploits some legislative hobby of the moment. One night, he flashed through a number of details about the Malmédy massacre trials for my benefit. The exposition was bewildering because we were both drinking and he was constantly being interrupted, yet he never lost the train of argument. But when I switched him to the Brannan Plan, on which I was doing some detailed work at the time, he had very little to say except that "it subsidized everybody." For a man who grew up on a farm, he has remarkably little knowledge of, or interest in, agricultural problems except when it suits him. One time it did was when the Reciprocal Trade bill was up before the Senate. McCarthy fought bitterly to bar Russian furs from the United States; he lost, but later told me cheerfully, "The fur farmers think I'm God." He absorbs briefed written material very quickly. He will pick something up quickly and then use it himself soon after. I have never known him to read anything particularly heavy. He told me once to read a article in *Collier's* on the Defense Department and security. "It is one of the best articles I have ever read," he said. I found it to be familiar material.

Senator McCarthy was born in Wisconsin forty years ago, the fifth of seven children in an Irish-American farm family. After he had finished elementary school, he ran his own chicken business and worked at various jobs for seven years. Then he breezed through the four-year high-school course in one year with all his grades over 90, and entered Marquette University to study engineering. After a few years he switched to law. He was graduated from the law school in 1935 and intended to become a patent attorney. While at Marquette he took on several part-time jobs to help with expenses. Aside from the usual dishwashing and hash-slinging, he got a job in a Standard Oil Service station for a while; he won the company's annual tire-sales contest in 1933. The only sport he had time for in college was boxing; I have talked to people who watched him in the ring, and they say he was a merciless, tricky fighter.

McCarthy started his political career as a Democrat. Wisconsin has traditionally been Republican, but several things had happened before 1936 which would have impressed any ambitious young politician. The Democrats had been swept in with President Roosevelt in 1932. The La Follettes had formed the Progressive Party in 1934 and had pushed the G.O.P. down to third place. McCarthy was therefore a Democrat. Once he had his law degree from Marquette he ran as a Democrat for district attorney of Shawano County, but was handily beaten by the Progressive candidate. He lost the election but learned a valuable lesson. The Republicans moved back into power in 1938 and McCarthy joined their ranks. He once told me he feels it is an advantage to be a Republican with a Democratic name.

He ran for Circuit Judge in 1939 and defeated a man for a six-year term who had held the job for twenty-four years.

In 1941 an unpleasant situation arose which caused the Wisconsin Supreme Court to take note of and reprove the young judge. It seems that in November, 1940, the state Department of Agriculture sought an injunction against the Quaker Dairy Company in Appleton for violating certain statutes governing the sale and distribution of milk. The law under which the action was brought was due to expire December 31, 1941. In May of that year McCarthy issued the injunction, but the next month he ordered it quashed on the ground that the law would soon expire anyway. The Supreme Court held that this kind of reasoning was an "abuse of judicial power." At the hear-

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ing in which he quashed the injunction McCarthy had dictated some notes to a court stenographer giving his reasons. When the case was appealed and the Supreme Court ordered the records sent up, McCarthy had this part of the record destroyed. The state Supreme Court took a very dim view of this.

McCarthy had his heart set on the Wisconsin Senate seat even before the war. He knew that he had to be prepared for tough competition. Carl Zeidler, a handsome young man who sang at political meetings, had become the leading Republican in the state in 1941, when he knocked off Daniel Hoan, the Socialist who had been mayor of Milwaukee for twenty-four years. Backed by the younger Republicans and the business interests, Zeidler was obviously the man to beat. When Zeidler joined the Navy in a blaze of glory, McCarthy was hard put to know what to do. He was told the Marines had more glamour than the Navy and promptly joined up. The duel between the two young men never took place, however; Zeidler was lost at sea.

McCarthy served eighteen months in the South Pacific as a first lieutenant in military intelligence with an air squadron. According to Marine press releases, he got himself qualified as a rear gunner and participated in a dozen or more combat missions at his own insistence. McCarthy's enemies have tried to slur over these bids for glory, but I would say that he has a good deal of personal courage.

While still in service he entered the 1944 Republican primary against Senator Alexander Wiley. He came in a poor second in the voting and ran into a lot of embarrassing questions about how he had financed his campaign. The Committee to Elect Joseph McCarthy U.S. Senator reported receipts of $19,808.95. Most of the money was listed as coming from close relatives. Howard McCarthy, Joe's brother, a farm auctioneer, was down for $10,600. The fact that Howard's income, as listed on his state tax returns, was $3,903 for 1945 and $3,692 for 1944 seemed a little odd. Joe's brother-in-law, Roman Kornely, a store clerk, reportedly kicked three thousand dollars into the campaign fund. His reported income was $3,563 in 1945, $1,914 in 1944, and never as high as $1,900 before that. Joe's father, the late Tim

McCarthy, reportedly contributed four thousand dollars; he had never filed a state income-tax return.

McCarthy himself has been having some trouble with the state income-tax people ever since he sent them a bland letter in 1943 saying, "I spent no time in the state in 1943. I assume it is unnecessary for me to file a return." The tax collectors discovered that his income for the year ran to $42,353.92—a tidy sum for a circuit judge—and they wanted their share.

When McCarthy returned from the Marines in 1945, he was re-elected to the bench for another six years. In 1946, however, he elbowed his way into a Republican primary that was confused with bickering factional rivalry and took the nomination (and the election) from Senator Robert M. La Follette. The campaign was a masterpiece of typical McCarthy tactics. With all stops out, McCarthy charged that his opponent was actually helping Russia by his isolationism—an accusation which has been turned back on McCarthy by his current opposition.

But despite McCarthy's strict and spirited adherence to the law of the jungle during the 1946 campaign, it would be more accurate to say that La Follette lost the nomination than to say that Joe McCarthy won it. Never an enthusiastic campaigner, La Follette stayed in Washington working on his monumental reorganization-of-Congress legislation until less than two weeks before the election, and made a half-dozen thoughtless tactical errors that a more astute politician like McCarthy would never have allowed to slip through. The voting was close—207,935 to 202,557.

McCarthy won the Senate seat he had long coveted in the face of two rather unsavory scandals. There was the matter of the "quickie" divorces. In early 1946 Chester Roberts, chairman of the Milwaukee County Young Republican organization, was sued for divorce in Milwaukee by his wife. The suit was dismissed. Suddenly a lawyer, who happened to be a McCarthy supporter, filed the suit in Joe's circuit court, and the divorce was granted two days later. The Milwaukee *Journal* had this to say editorially: "If Wisconsin needed an example of why the state founding fathers insisted that the judiciary has no place in politics, Circuit Judge Joseph R. McCarthy has now provided one. His course in the Chester Roberts case indicates again his indifference to this fundamental principle of our government."

The Founding Fathers had felt so strongly, in fact, about the matter of judges going into politics that the state constitution had clearly stipulated that circuit judges (McCarthy's rank at the time) ". . . shall hold no office of public trust, except a judicial office, during the term for which they are respectively elected, and all votes . . . given by the legislature or the people, shall be void." McCarthy's opponents in the 1946 election brought suit to prevent ballots cast for him from being counted. But for once, Joe was given a break by the higher court, which decided that Congressional elections were somehow different.

He had not heard the last of this question, however. In 1948, Miles McMillin of the *Capital Times,* published in Madison, and an attorney brought an action against Joe before the state board of bar commissioners. The latter, indicating the strength of the feeling against McCarthy that was growing in some quarters, finally brought an action to disbar him on the ground that he had violated his attorney's oath to uphold the constitution and had vio-

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lated the bar's code of ethics. The Supreme Court, in a unanimous and astounding decision, proceeded to spank Joe for twenty pages and then decide he probably wouldn't do it again. The court said: "Under the facts of this case we can reach no other conclusion than that the defendant by accepting and holding the office of U.S. Senator during the term for which he was elected circuit judge did so in violation of the terms of the constitution and laws of the State of Wisconsin, and in so doing violated his oath as a circuit judge and as an attorney-at-law. While the act of the defendant subjects him to just censure, it is in a class by itself which is not likely to be repeated."

Through all these difficulties, McCarthy remained cheerful and confident. In accordance with his usual tactics, he demanded angrily that all of the bar commissioners who were harassing him resign as "completely incompetent lawyers." By remaining on the offensive at all times, McCarthy is confident that he will win out in each engagement.

McCarthy's current behavior in Washington is in line with past performances. Some fellow-Republicans like it and others don't. But there's no question that the total effect of his recent publicity on his home state can certainly not be called disappointing from his point of view, at least not yet. Of course, his main preoccupation is the 1952 election. Some say that he has his eye on something even bigger than the Senate. The idea that he would like to be the first Catholic President has been suggested, with perhaps a crack at Vice-President in 1952.

In the meantime, Republicans in Wisconsin are standing around, first on one foot, then on the other, waiting for McCarthy to wind up top dog or nothing. They are inclined to feel, those with whom I have talked, that he has gone too far, but they all say that the people seem impressed with what he is doing. At any rate, he's certainly been getting his name in the newspapers.

Last fall, I asked McCarthy whether he felt he was losing strength. "I know if I had to run today, I'd have a potful of trouble," he answered. "But when I have to run it won't be the same. It's all a matter of timing."

—JOHN HOVING

Africa

The Lost Tribes

This gaunt, grave man wearing a clerical collar had fought for three years for the right to speak in this place. He had run into miles of red tape and tangles of legal procedure; at last a committee had been appointed to examine his credentials. Now he spoke as the agent of a people never before represented in world affairs.

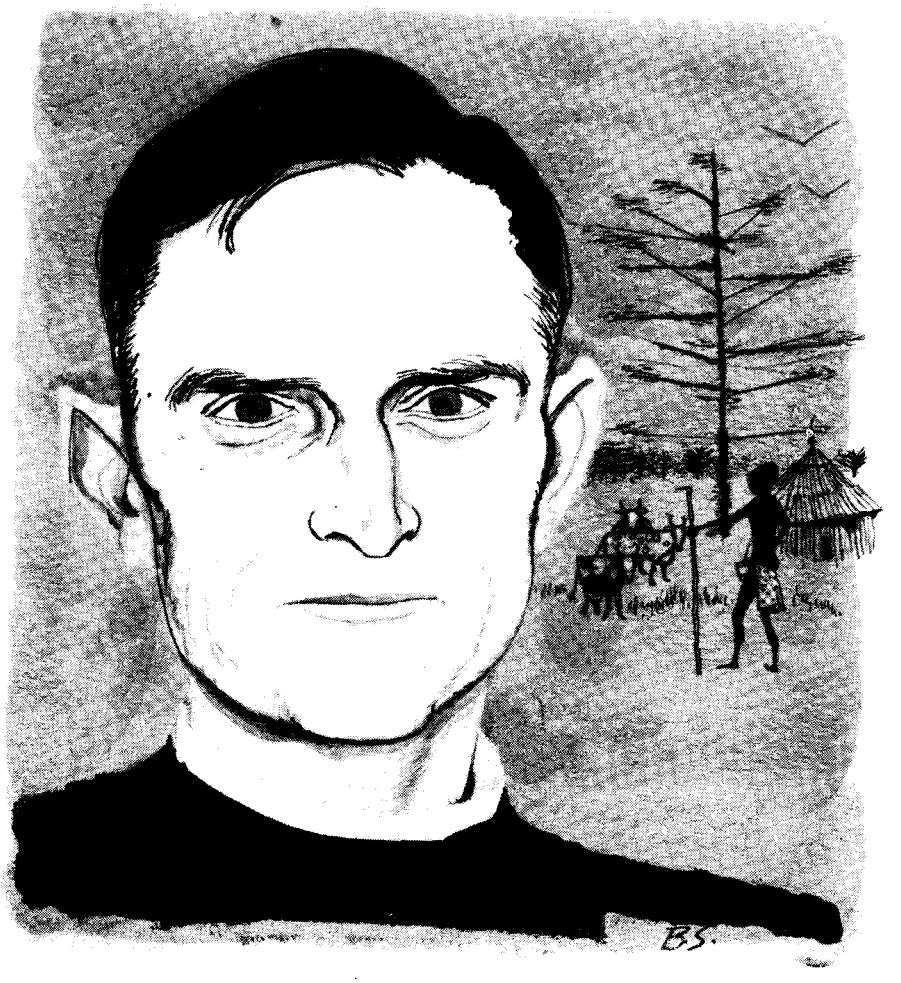
The Chairman of the U.N. Trusteeship Committee rapped with his gavel.

"We invite the Reverend Michael Scott of Johannesburg to present the case of the indigenous tribes of South West Africa."

Michael Scott, a Church of England clergyman whose parish is near Johannesburg, rose to his feet.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "I would like to read statements from chiefs of the Herero, the Nama, and the Berg-Damera peoples. When the white man first came to Africa, the Hereros were a peaceful, pastoral tribe. They were driven from their lands . . ."

Scott was restrained, precise, and



The Reverend Michael Scott

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undramatic. Many other people, anything but restrained, had disputed his right to be heard.

"This will establish a precedent," France had warned. "One and all will claim the right to come before the United Nations and speak."

The United States, Britain, Belgium, and Greece had agreed.

They did not want to hear from three relatively small tribes in South West Africa, safely tucked away in an old League of Nations mandate under the Union of South Africa. The Union had denied Chief Mahareru and Chief Hosea Kutako the right to speak for themselves. So they had sold their tribes' cattle and traveled many miles to give a white man the money to come to this council and speak for them.

"Precedent, gentlemen, precedent." But many U.N. members prefered to break the precedent. While the quarrel about Scott's credentials was going on, the Mexican delegate to the Trusteeship Committee said: "Gentlemen, I would remind you that Jesus Christ was crucified because He had no credentials to prove that He was the Son of God. Who are we to play the part of Pontius Pilate?"

Then the Haitian delegate fought for the right of the men of his color to be heard. They were heard. But not by the delegates of the Union of South Africa.

"Instructions from our Government . . . [to] abstain if the Reverend Scott speaks. To attend would be to acknowledge that any minority group has the right to be heard by the U.N." The South Africans walked out.

The delegates of the other nations listened as Scott related the history of the tribes of South West Africa since well before the First World War, when it was a German colony.

"The impact that has been made upon the natives by our civilization throughout the whole period," Mr. Scott said, "can best be told in the words of the people concerned, both European and African. I would quote Paul Rohrbach of the German Colonial Office, who wrote: 'The decision to colonise in South West Africa could mean nothing else but this, namely, that the native tribes would have to give up their lands on which they had previously grazed their stock in order that the white man might have the land for the grazing of his stock.' "

How was the decision carried out? Chief Festus Kandjo of the Hereros had told the Reverend Scott, and now the delegates heard it.

Kandjo well remembers a German preacher who traveled about South West Africa in a wagon, expounding the Gospel to the natives. When not preaching, he surveyed; finally, he sent for the German troops.

The military moved to the designated spots, and the tribes were surrounded. Traders and settlers moved in and took possession of more and more land until in 1906 the tribes revolted. From the German commander, General von Trotha, serving under the colonial administration of Hermann Goering's father, came a peremptory order to surrender and submit.

Henrik Wootbooi, chief of the Namas, defied it, but he was beaten.

Then von Trotha decreed the first genocide of modern times. Scott quoted from the British Government Blue Book, issued just after the First World War: "Von Trotha issued his notorious *'Vernichtungsbefehl,'* or extermination order, in terms of which no man, woman, or suckling babe was to receive mercy or quarter. 'Kill every one of them,' von Trotha said. It is perfectly clear that von Trotha definitely decided in cold blood to butcher this now disorganized and harmless tribe."

Michael Scott paused. "Thus was enunciated as policy a doctrine of racial superiority in Africa in the name of what all the African people had been led to believe was a Christian civilization. The Berg-Damera people had been greatly reduced, the Namas had been halved, and the Hereros cut down from eighty thousand to fifteen thousand men, women, and children. . . ." All three tribes were driven from their territories.

Though they fought on the side of the Allies during the First World War, and though the British promised them their lands back, the Berg-Dameras, the Namas, and the Hereros have never been allowed to return. The League of Nations put South West Africa under the Union of South Africa. When Chief Kutako petitioned for permission to return, he was asked by the Union government: "Why are you so obstinate? If you speak this way we will give your land back to the Germans. Then you can go and ask the Germans for it."

The chief remained obstinate; the land was given back to Germans; and still more land was taken from the Africans and given to other European settlers.

Nevertheless, some of the survivors of von Trotha's genocide order crept back to their old territory. Chief Kutako led his Hereros to a place called Okukarare. But a South African named Cope told the chief to move to Epikuro. Kutako looked the land over, then came back to Cope. "It has no water," he told him. "Only wild beasts could live there. We do not want to be changed into wild beasts."

Cope grew impatient. He ordered all the windmills in Okukarare broken,

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and all the water pumps dismantled. Then, in the words of Kutako:

"The government sent an aeroplane to frighten us. I was taken to the place where the aeroplane was dropping bombs." This, said Scott, was the first peacetime bombing of civilians.

Speaking of the incident, Thursby Attwell wrote in his book, *The Fighting Police of South Africa:*

"For the first time in the history of Native uprisings aeroplanes were used as a weapon of offence. Of the terror these 'great birds' inspired upon the Natives, there can be no doubt, and there is also no doubt that it will result in teaching them that it is useless to fight against the organized forces of the Government."

A Colonel De Jager was assigned to eject another group of natives who had tried to settle around the town of Rehoboth. Planes with bombs ready buzzed low as the colonel's troops rounded up the tribesmen.

"Give them a good hiding," De Jager ordered. So they were beaten, stabbed, and bayoneted; those who were not killed were sent to jail. When they got out, De Jager told them: "You are a no-good people. We are going to chase you away from Rehoboth to where the rest of the Hereros are. Cause any more trouble for any white man and we shall have you brought back and cut your heads off."

The Hereros were banished to the Aminuis Reserve in the central eastern section of South West Africa—an arid, unfertile area.

The Berg-Dameras fared no better. They were escorted to the Aukeigas Reserve, another of the Union government's "police" zones. There they dug wells, built dams, and raised cattle. They worked too well. After staying long enough to pay rent on the tools the government had lent them, they were told that this place was to be given to white settlers. They had to leave for another reserve.

According to the mandate, the mandatory power was supposed to rule in a manner that would advance the "well-being and development" of the people concerned. "People not yet able to stand alone in the strenuous conditions of the modern world," the mandate read, "must be regarded as a sacred trust of civilization."

Scott quoted from a letter written in 1948 by a white settler named Montgomery, whose farm is located near the Aminuis Reserve. Montgomery wrote: "The Native people in the police zone, especially the Hereros, have been given the most unhealthy parts of the country to live in. The Native Reserves of Aminuis and Epikuro are badly infected with poisonous plants, and the Natives are losing thousands of stock every year. . . . There are about fifty European farmers whose cattle suffer in the same way, but the Natives are confined within this sickness belt. The conclusion that I have come to after thirty-three years' experience here is that anything is good enough for the Native, and no consideration is due him in the eyes of the Government. Under the surface the growth of discontent goes on and may end in an outbreak of hatred which will do irreparable harm both to the white and black races here."

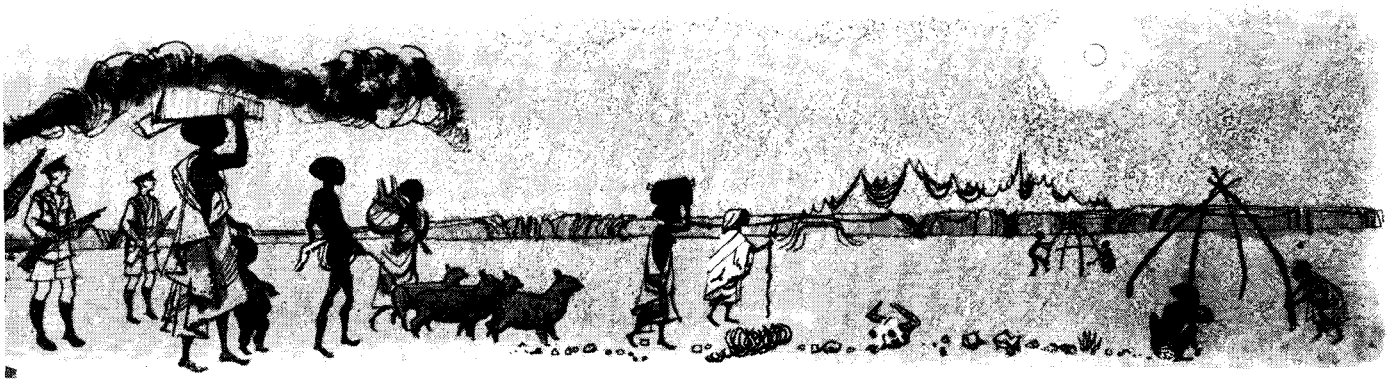
Scott talked about the working conditions of tribesmen in the country and towns of South West Africa. A shepherd working for a white farmer, he said, gets two dollars a month if he is lucky. Out of this he must feed his wife and family, but not himself because he gets ten cents' worth of meal a day. He wears rags and is shoeless. After he has brought in the flock at sundown, he must chop wood, carry water, and wash dishes. He leaves his hut at five in the morning and gets back around ten at night. If he runs away, he is dragged back with a rope around his neck.

In the towns, Scott said, tribesmen can average about five dollars a week, tribeswomen a dollar or so less. To build a shelter, a man must hunt for wood and old gasoline cans on garbage heaps. There is a tax of $1.25 a year on the "house," and the owner must pay a dollar a month for the use of inadequate lavatories. If he falls into arrears on his taxes, he is given fourteen to twenty days to pay up. If he doesn't pay, he is run out of town and his house is sold.

But the heaviest burdens the town natives must bear are the Pass Laws and the Masters and Servants Act. They need one pass to live in town, another to move around, another to look for work, another to work. If a man is a casual laborer he must pay for his license. If he loses one of his passes or one is declared invalid on a technicality, he works out his jail sentence on a white man's farm.

If a native wants to stop working when he reaches seventy or eighty, he must get medical proof that he is unfit for labor. Otherwise, if he is found not working, he is given a six-day pass to get a job. If he can't get one, he is put out of town. "Where he must go, how he must live, whether he has a family to support is not taken into consideration. . . ."

In 1948 the Berg-Dameras told Michael Scott, "The Masters and Servants Act keeps Africans in permanent slavery." David Wootbooi, descendant of the chief who defied the Germans, asked Scott: "Are we a



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cursed generation because our chiefs fought for the freedom of their people, their nation, and their lands?"

Scott was told that under the Union government, education "is so limited that it only prepares our youth to be good kitchen hands."

In 1948, Prime Minister Malan was coming to Windhoek in South West Africa. Scott asked him to receive a deputation. The Prime Minister was busy with a deputation of Germans who were interested in having their rights of citizenship restored, so he had no time to see the natives. The Hereros submitted a memorandum instead. In part it read:

"It has always been the faith and prayer of the Herero people that . . . our traditional lands of which we were dispossessed by the Germans will be restored. Cannot our appeal be heard before the United Nations? We would like to send representatives to ask for a constitutional system of trusteeship to be established."

The Secretary for External Affairs of the Union government replied: "The Union Government do not consider themselves accountable to the United Nations Organisation, the Government of the United Kingdom, or to the British Commonwealth in respect of their administration of . . . South West Africa, and cannot, therefore, look with favour on the proposal . . ."

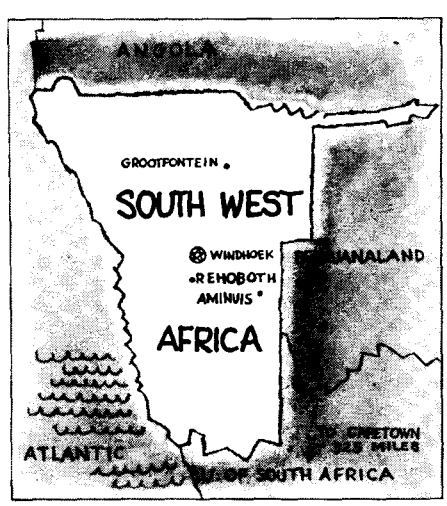
This did not surprise the United Nations Trusteeship Council. In 1946 it had rejected the South African proposal that the South West African territory be incorporated into the Union of South Africa. Three times the U.N. had requested the Union government to place before it a trusteeship agreement for South West Africa. Three times the Union government had refused. For three years, the U.N. had requested the Union government to report how it was administering its "sacred trust," and for three years there had been no answer.

In 1948, the Union passed the South West Africa Act, abolishing the mandate and incorporating South West Africa. According to the Malan Government, the Act represented the wishes of the South West Africans. According to Michael Scott, it was a fraud.

"It takes its dishonorable place in the record of the means whereby the indigenous populations of the world have by treachery and deceit been deprived of their lands and natural rights. This Act deprives the non-European nine-tenths of the population of any representation at all. They are at the mercy of increasingly discriminatory legislation, have no say or part in the enactment of laws affecting them or their lands. Under it they have lost the right of petition."

Scott concluded his speech to the Trusteeship Committee by quoting a prayer that Chief Hosea Kutako had composed:

"You are the great God of all earth and the heavens. We are so insignificant. In us are many defects. The power is Yours to make and do what we cannot. You know all about us. Coming down to earth You were despised and mocked and brutally treated because of these same defects in the men of those days. For those men You prayed because they did not understand what they were doing. You came only for what is right. O Lord, help us who roam about. Help us who have been placed in Africa and have no home of our own. Give us back a dwelling place, O God. All



Land of the dispossessed

power is Yours in Heaven and on earth. Amen." Michael Scott took a seat among the audience.

The chairman recognized the delegate from Haiti. "So," he said, "now we know. Yes, indeed, it was very dangerous to allow this Christian man to come before us and speak. Yes, for some people it was very dangerous. We've got to the bottom of this thing, gentlemen, and what do we find? Blood." He leaned forward. "Blood and mud. Gentlemen, I am not, I think, a very emotional man, but I can assure you that I was deeply moved by what I've just heard and I think you were too.

"We must do something, gentlemen. It is up to this council to help those brutally oppressed people before they turn on their tormentors in their tortured agony. If we do nothing, then the blame for a bloody holocaust will rest squarely on this council. The whole colonial tyranny has been drawn for us. Woe betide these men who wish to set up the old system of a race of masters and a race of slaves. Gentlemen, you are still thinking in the ideas of the eighteenth century. Your honor and your conscience compel you to prevent what is happening in Africa today from continuing. I implore . . ." A door opened, and a man hurried toward an empty chair. He held up his hand. South Africa wanted to speak. The Haitian relinquished the floor; the South African asked that the debate be postponed.

"We have a crowded agenda," the chairman told him. "If the delegates agree, we will resume at ten forty-five tomorrow morning."

The delegates agreed.

South Africa had received a reprieve, but the next day the temper of the committee had not changed. In spite of quibblings and obstructions—by the United Kingdom, Greece, and the United States, in addition to South Africa—the committee decided to ask the International Court of Justice at The Hague for advice as to the legal status of South West Africa.

Mexico requested that the court have its decision ready in time for the next meeting of the General Assembly. When the case came before the Plenary Session, South Africa fought hard, but failed by a vote of forty to seven, to stop the General Assembly from acting on the committee's report.

One man had spoken for a gagged people, and his quiet words would be heard by many millions more as the drums of the Bush Telegraph thudded them out the length and breadth of Africa.

Michael Scott had both set a precedent and created a miracle.

—DAVE MARLOWE

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Russia Invented It First

The Russians now assert that they have an atomic bomb. They do not as yet claim that they were the first to build one. Outside of this they seem to claim priority in practically all discoveries and inventions ever made.

As early as the eighteenth century the Russian genius Mikhail Lomonosov had discovered the conservation of matter and energy, the composition of the atmosphere of Venus, the theory of evolution, and the initial principles of the helicopter. So insists the Kremlin.

In 1801 a wizard named Artamonov invented the bicycle and pedaled it a thousand miles from his native Urals to Moscow. As for Kirkpatrick McMillan of Scotland, who put together the first pedal bicycle in 1840, according to *The Encyclopaedia Britannica*, he was either a thief or an ignorant Johnny-come-lately.

Antarctica was discovered, not by Captain James Cook or any second-rate American mariner, but by the Russian expedition of 1819-1821, under Faddei Bellingshausen and Mikhail Lazarev. For this we have the word of *Pravda*.

Edison stole the electric lamp from two Russian scientists of the 1870's, Alexander Lodygin and Paul Yablochkov. Either willfully or thoughtlessly, the Tsarists revealed the secret to the American. "In 1877 in America, Lieutenant Khotinsky showed an electric lamp to Edison as a Russian miracle," *Izvestia* revealed in March, 1948, adding spitefully, "And yet, it took Edison seven more years to produce a lamp."

Not the Wright brothers but Alexander Mozhaisky (not in 1903 but in 1882) made the first airplane flight. If you don't believe this, read *Pravda* or listen to Radio Moscow.

Marconi pilfered the radio from Alexander Popov, who, on May 7, 1895, staged before his fellow physicists the first demonstration of wireless telegraphy. May 7 is now Radio Day in the Soviet Union. A feature film on Popov's right to Marconi's glory was made in Leningrad in 1948.

As for television, by 1911 Professor Rosing of Russia "was ahead of the scientists of America, England, and Germany by ten to fifteen years" (*Izvestia*, May 7, 1949).

The list of scientific achievements in which Russia claims to have shown the West the way includes: the adding machine, anesthesia, armored cruisers, balloons, the caterpillar tractor, crop rotation, Diesel-engine improvements, the flashlight, hybrid corn, icebreakers, jet propulsion, the loop-the-loop, underwater mine fields, oil derricks and oil-cracking plants, penicillin, printing machinery, radar, relativity, roller bearings, rolled armor plate, the steam engine, steel girders, the submarine, the telegraph, textile-making machines, torpedoes, trawlers, virus discoveries, vitamins, tanks, and welding.

In other words, the West has hardly discovered or invented anything, but has filched from the clever, hard-working Russians instead.

Throughout the 1920's and 1930's, and well into the 1940's, the Soviets and their friends had recognized that in the precise sciences and technology the West was well ahead of Russia, which admittedly needed time to catch up. Suddenly, late in 1947, came the switch.

Its purpose is apparently twofold: First, it serves to reassure or convince the Russians and their satellites that Russia is the best country on earth: second, it spreads and strengthens antagonism toward the West. In its smugness and aggressiveness this barrage of claims implies that the Russian people have much more intelligence, initiative, and ingenuity than any other nation in the world. We can perceive also the *Politburo's* half-hidden hope that this burst of suddenly discovered scientific glory will inspire Soviet scientists and engineers to new epoch-making achievements. Pride in all this complex technology, as rightfully of Russian origin, is calculated also to spur the man in the factory to further and harder effort at his machine.

It is rather surprising to learn that, in the days of the Tsars and semi-feudalistic capitalists, men of the down-

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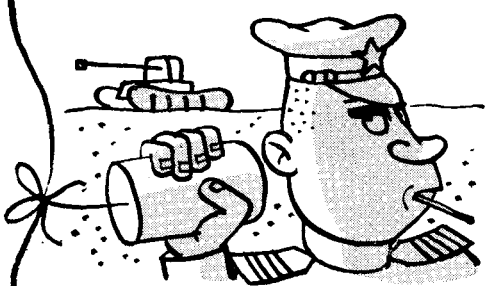
trodden masses were so gifted and persistent that they devised all those machines and gadgets. But the Tsars and their capitalists were greedy, narrow-minded, and nearsighted. For the sake of momentary profit they betrayed Russian inventions to the crafty capitalists of the West. In the Soviet mind, capitalists, domestic and foreign, have, of course, always been rapacious, treacherous thieves.

The question arises: Are the Soviet leaders sincerely convinced that all of these inventions were originally Russian? The answer is both "Yes" and



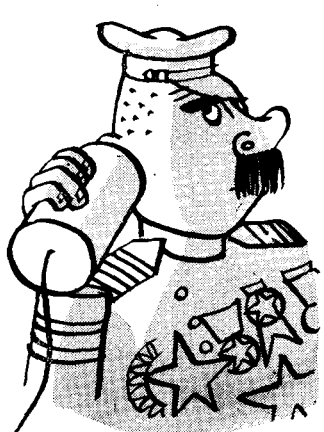
"No." Some may be cynical, but others have the fire of belief. Some may have joined the campaign in a Machiavellian spirit but may soon have succumbed to their own propaganda. Even the most self-assured member of the *Politburo* may harbor traces of an inferiority complex. Perhaps unbeknown to themselves, the most arrogant party chiefs are not always sure of their own power or of the U.S.S.R.'s; possibly that is why they boast. Nationalism seems to be outweighing all other considerations in the Kremlin's barrage of claims. Thus in its insistence that hybrid corn is a Russian triumph, the Soviet government has been disregarding the scientific contribution of Henry Wallace, who has sometimes been called one of the Soviets' most valuable apologists abroad. So far Wallace has remained silent on this slight.

Unfortunately, also, various eminent Russian inventors have had to be ignored, because, although their blood is pure, their ideologies are not. Hardly anyone would dispute Igor Sikorsky's role in the perfection of the helicopter. But the Kremlin pointedly ignores this anti-Soviet Russian who works for the advantage and glory of America.

Dr. Vladimir K. Zworykin of the R.C.A. Laboratories won the Poor Richard Club's 1949 Gold Medal of Achievement as "the Father of Modern Television." He invented the electronic scanner, and this and other improvements of his brought television from the laboratory stage to its present status. But Dr. Zworykin's name is not in the long, proud list of Moscow's "firsts." He, too, works for America.

The Kremlin's path in pushing its claims is not an easy one. On March 20, 1949, *Izvestia* reprimanded some of the most prominent propagandists of the new line for "not displaying enough passion in the exposure of foreign thieves of Russian glory," for "substituting a calm recital of facts where a militant re-establishment of Russian priority is needed." On the other hand, some Soviet spokesmen go to such extremes that they make the campaign entirely too ridiculous. On May 31, 1949, *Izvestia* had to rebuke Vsevolod Ivanov for his latest play on Lomonosov, in which the eighteenth-century wizard is built up by so many overenthusiastic historical blunders that "our cause of struggling for the priority of Russian science is not at all served."

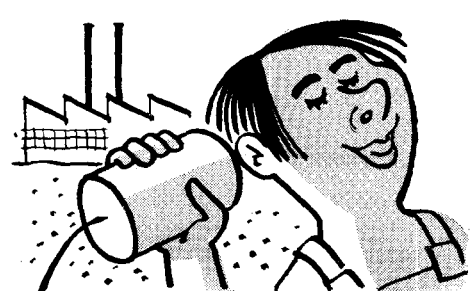
Most disquieting to the Kremlin must be the sly humor at the expense of the campaign which somehow escapes the censorship. Late in June, 1949, Leonid Utesov, a Moscow entertainer with a term of exile for past misdeeds behind him, risked this crack: "Congratulate me, I have just invented the umbrella." "But an umbrella has already been invented!" a stooge replied. "Yes," Utesov rejoined, "but I am the first to invent the umbrella the second time!"



Old-time Russians had no illusions about their technological prowess. The only exception was the widespread conviction among prerevolutionary Russians that the electric lamp *was* a Russian, not a foreign, invention. Lord Frederic Hamilton, a British diplomat in the Russia of the late nineteenth century, "found this as a fixed idea with all Russian peasants" (*The Vanished Pomp of Yesterday,* 1921). Lodygin and Yablochkov's work was well publicized even in Tsarist times.

As to American *tekhnika,* Russian stories are innumerable, most of them full of respect for America. Almost seventy years ago the young Anton Chekhov admiringly mirrored the prevailing attitude of his compatriots in several light sketches. Of these, the most celebrated is an imaginary interview with Edison. Edison explains an invention of his that would allow a man to become a father years after leaving his wife; Chekhov remarks that in Russia the same result is achieved by leaving some male friends at home. The inventor demonstrates a "mind-reading disk"; Chekhov points to a simpler device—opening other people's mail. Edison is so delighted with his interviewer that he offers to lend him money. For, says Edison, "to borrow from everyone is a national Russian trait."

The Kremlin's scientific campaign is doubly difficult because it has to undo its earlier success in building up America in Russian minds. American efficiency was given high praise by Stalin himself, in *The Foundations of Leninism,* as an untamable force which knows no "obstacle"—and a worthy example for Soviet Russians to follow. Too many older Soviet books and Soviet reissues of Tsarist volumes still tell the people of Russia that Admiral Bellingshausen, in his own account of Antarctica, described how he had met Captain N. B. Palmer of the sloop



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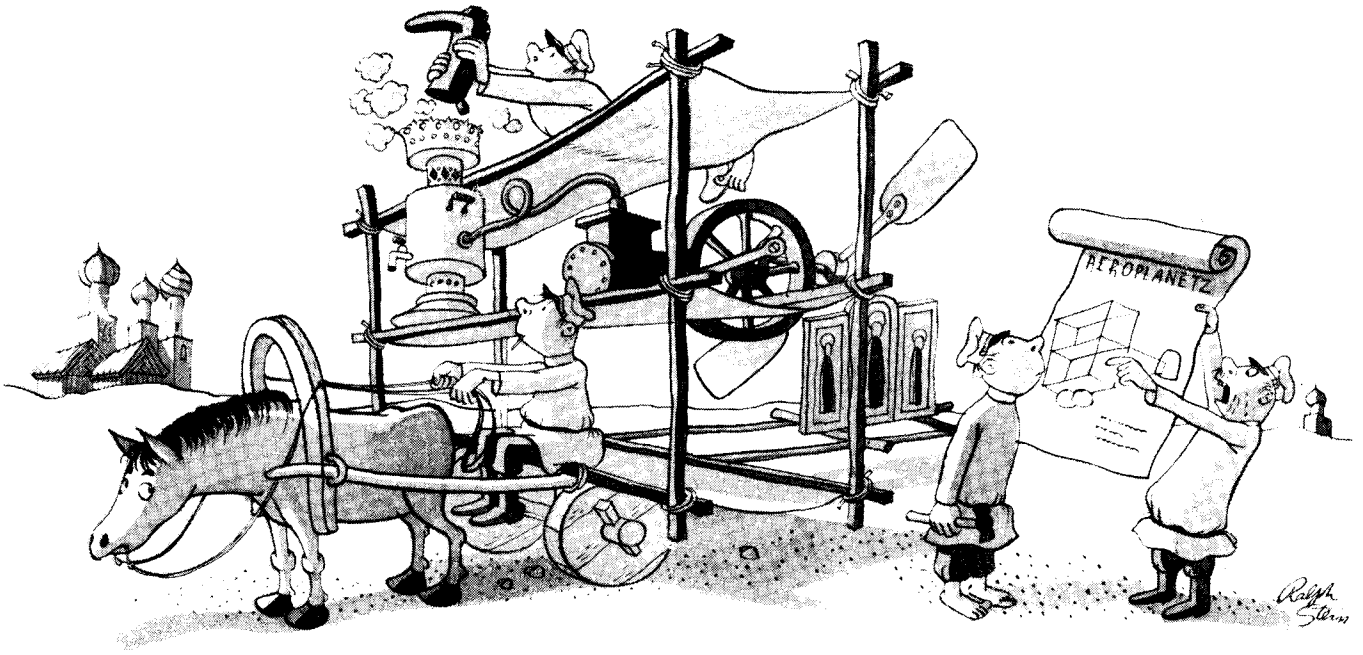

'Not the Wright brothers but Alexander Mozhaisky . . . made the first airplane flight'

Hero, of Stonington, Connecticut, on the latter's return from the South Polar regions; how the Yankee gave him sailing directions to the new continent; and how he, the Russian admiral, named that new continent Palmer's Land in honor of its discoverer. Too many Russian texts still reveal to the Soviet reader that Lodygin's lamp burned out in twelve hours, whereas Edison's first model lasted four times as long.

Many older Soviet books also tell Russians that, although Popov's work in radio was of significance, Popov never thought of picking up anything more than sounds of distant lightning, whereas Marconi was the very first experimenter to think of using this same apparatus for relaying messages. And as late as May, 1945, the Soviet press freely admitted that Popov performed his wonders by "drawing upon the works of Faraday, Maxwell, and Hertz," and that generally discoveries and inventions do come simultaneously to several minds separated by thousands of miles.

Obviously, not all of the Kremlin claims are lies. A few of the assertions are based on facts, even though they are carefully selected ones. Lomonosov *was* a great scientist, whose worth should have been recognized a long time ago. Popov was praised by Marconi himself. The much-traveled Lord Hamilton saw his first oil-burning steamer, not on the Thames, the Mississippi, or the Rhine, but on the Volga, and he wrote about it with wonder.

Were it not for the extreme exaggeration of so many of these Russian "firsts," not to mention outright lies and misrepresentations, the current Soviet campaign might have done some good for both Russia and the world at large.

Russia would have profited by acquiring a healthy new realization of its past contributions to science—healthy, that is, were this realization devoid of false pride and aggressive scorn for non-Russians.

The world at large would have been enriched by a new respect for Russians whose work has helped mankind's general progress—solid respect, which has been made impossible now by the world's fear of the Soviets, a fear that spreads in spite of the basic inferiority complex of the U.S.S.R. revealed by all its boastfulness.

—Albert Parry

Shall These Bones Live?

Blood banks, it appears, have become about as inadequate in the atomic age as a water wheel in the age of steam. According to a recent item in the press, the Navy Department has now established a skin bank. Its doctors have learned that a piece of skin can be kept alive for several hours after its owner's death, and eventually grafted onto a new owner. Ultimately they hope that skin can be kept alive indefinitely, under the proper conditions.

The Navy has also set up a bank for bones, which even now can be kept alive indefinitely. No doubt there will also be bigger eye banks, as well as banks of living hearts and livers: a whole stockpile of animate bits and pieces of the human body, quietly awaiting their day of terrible use.

Perhaps before this day arrives, before it is too late, someone will also think to establish a brain bank, preferably of old-style brains—which were more adept at putting things together than at blowing them apart.

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Colossal Shades Of Rose

To some people, the reluctant months that end the winter and begin the spring are a season to be merely endured, but to a great many million others they are the happiest time of the year. The seed catalogues are out, and every landed proprietor can relive the annual dream tantalizingly displayed in their artful pages: voluptuous roses, satiny gladioli of impossible elegance, and tomatoes the size of meteorological balloons. The drought, flood, fungus, and chewing and sucking insects of last year's ruined hopes are forgotten; for a month or two the gardener sees his broad acres or his twentieth-story window box in the kindly distorting mirror of the catalogues, gleaming with a splendor that never was.

For the statistically minded, there are 5,180 wholesale and retail seed companies in the United States, about two hundred major retailers, and some twenty really large firms selling vegetation to the public. The number of catalogues they dispense is anybody's guess—somewhere between twenty-five and fifty million. As a gauge, one Eastern firm, not the largest, distributes about three million a year.

Fluffy Ruffles

Reading the seed catalogues is a kind of fertility rite like the Eleusinian mysteries, and, like the mysteries, it is for initiates only. The layman or non-gardener can make nothing of them. When he reads them he is apt to be fascinated by irrelevancies. For example, the names with which new varieties are christened. There is a consistency to the naming of show dogs and race horses (Champion Frou-Frou of Silliacres, or Embezzlement, out of Fiscal by Opportunity), but the names of flora defy simple classification.

Some, certainly, are named entirely according to the well-worn principles of advertising. In this category come such zinnias as World Champion and Early Wonder, the cosmos Sensation Dazzler, the petunias Giant Fluffy Ruffles and Colossal Shades of Rose. Occasionally the superlatives rather weigh down the stems on which they grow as in the case of the pansies called Majestic Splendors, Mastodon Giants, and Swiss Giants Blotched Mixed.

Throughout the whole field there is an apparent preoccupation with royal and aristocratic tradition. The catalogues display a whole bouquet of royalty from the Elizabeth the Queen gladiolus ("a superb variety"), to the Princess Elizabeth novelty aster. The Round Table is represented almost in its entirety in a group of hybrid delphiniums: King Arthur, Guinevere, Launcelot ("excellent branching habits"), Percival, and Galahad ("pure white," naturally). Lesser dignitaries include Bishop of Llandaff, a dahlia; Lord Beaconsfield, a pansy; and Lady Hamilton, a "strong grower" among the montbretias.

Untitled celebrities also have their place. Immediately recognizable among the roses are Babe Ruth, Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, and Douglas MacArthur ("the color is hard to define, it being an exquisite blending of rose, gold, and salmon"). Personalized gladioli, real and fictitious, include Shirley Temple, Maid of Orleans, Scarlett O'Hara, Betty Co-Ed, Mother Machree, Daisy Mae, and King Lear.

Like car manufacturers, the seed vendors come out each year with new, improved models. One is Floradale Scarlet, the new zinnia for 1950 presented by W. Atlee Burpee, originators of the Burpee Blue and other well-known hybrids. Its description is a fine example of seed-catalogue lyricism at its frilliest: "The large blossoms . . . are made up of hundreds of strap shaped petals which are ruffled and fluffed just enough so that the sparkling and lively color of the upper surface is softened by the effect of the sunlight glancing off the small recurved portions of the petals. In all cases the petals are curved under, and in addition twist gaily to create a harmonious and refined informality which dispels all thought of the stiffness which has heretofore been associated with some types of zinnias."

A certain amount of satirical humor does manage to creep into the catalogues. In one the description of Dwarf Alderman, a pea, is a perfect campaign poster: "Possesses outstanding qualifications, a rugged constitution, beautiful, large well-formed pods, exceptional quality."

And it was certainly an Easterner who was inspired to call a strain of petunias Dwarf Giants of California ("beautifully ruffled and fringed with well-marked open throats"). The Westerners get back with an eggplant that has been named New York Improved Spineless.

Floral Witch Hunt

Occasionally the copywriters become a little drunk on the mixed scents they breathe. The Igloo petunia is described by one as "just about the most reckless blooming *nana compacta* so far developed." And in spread-eagle oratorical style the color of the Will Rogers zinnia "calls vividly to mind the warmth of affection and esteem in which he is still held by all Americans —glowing intense scarlet."

In connection with this worthy zinnia and great American it is my unhappy duty to report that witch-hunters have evidently been burrowing into the seed companies as well as the State Department. Another catalogue unblushingly calls Will Rogers "a brilliant red," and it is significant that the gladiolus New Europe is scarlet. Some Congressmen and all the citizens of Kansas will know what to think when they learn that the horticultural name for "our common sunflower" is Mammoth Russian. The above evidence has, of course, been turned over to Senator McCarthy.

—Christopher Gerould

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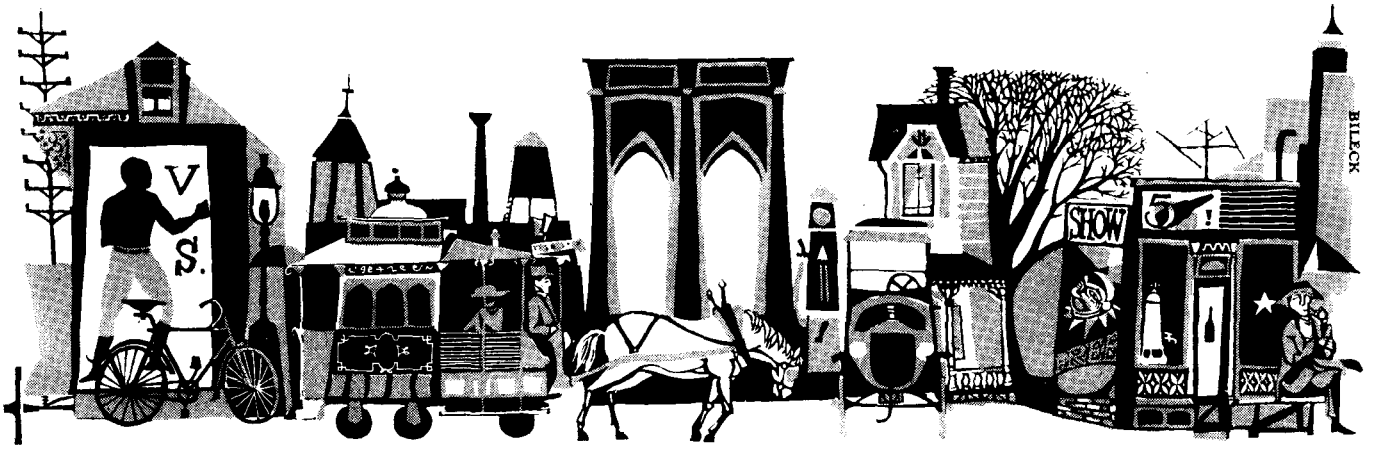

Books

More Error Than Truth

THE AMERICAN MIND. *By Henry Steele Commager. 476 pp.* Yale University Press. *$5.00*

There is a pleasant convention, normally quite harmless, that requires a reviewer to preface his comments on a worthless book with a few mellow references to some imaginary virtues, or with a rotund phrase about the integrity of the author's intentions. It does cause trouble when one wants to be critical of a good book.

That is my problem here. Professor Commager's history of American ideas from 1880 to the present is a good, possibly a distinguished, piece of work. But the author is also guilty of certain practices which, if they become a license for less competent imitators, would soon reduce treatment of the American past to a slick and greasy pap. It is these faults, unhappily, which deserve comment.

Professor Commager begins with a portrait of the nineteenth-century American—a spectacularly robust, confident, and uncomplicated extrovert—altogether quite a man. He ends the book with a considerably less engaging picture of the mid-twentieth-century American. The contemporary American is not without redeeming qualities, but they are submerged by his defensive preoccupation with what he owns, his mortal fear of heresy, especially economic heresy, his redundancy of gadgets, rich food, bad education, and psychiatric disorders.

The intervening chapters deal with the ideas that influenced the American in the years between. These cover the main currents in philosophy, and the literature, social science, and political theory that they fostered, and, more cursorily, the law, politics, and architecture that accompanied them.

These chapters, though they are hardly comprehensive, are often brilliantly incisive. They do suffer from an odd particularism that causes Professor Commager, on occasion, to look too hard for American sources for American ideas. While he does not hesitate to invoke Darwin and Herbert Spencer, he frequently overemphasizes interesting but uninfluential Americans at the expense of more influential foreigners. Thus only two economists, Thorstein Veblen and John R. Commons, receive any important mention. Both were in some sense peculiarly American—the only economists of the period who could be so described. But neither had much effect on American economic thought. Commons was known only to his students, and although he may have been intelligible to them, he wasn't to others.

Some of Veblen filtered out into the works of a handful of novelists, but his books, more's the loss, were read in only a few universities. He was primarily the hero of a cult. He lacked influence because he offered no formula for change, no program. He was not even considered dangerous by contemporary witch-hunters. During all this period from 1880 to 1920, Americans were learning their economics at first or second hand from Englishmen. Neither Veblen nor Commons had a fraction of the influence of Alfred Marshall, an English economist, and toward mid-century it was J. M. Keynes who provided Americans with a badly needed and enthusiastically accepted reformulation of the basic relation between government and the economy. For better or worse, American economic and political theory, and their application, were conquered by Keynes. Those who disapprove of Keynes have never doubted that *he* was dangerous: he has been called sinister and subversive by men who have never heard of Veblen. Dr. Commager does not mention Keynes.

My concern, however, is not with these intermediate chapters, although they do provide a clue to the most serious fault of the book. While they are a record of hopeful growth, they do not explain the American as Professor Commager portrays him. They fail because the author hasn't really portrayed the contemporary American, and probably shouldn't have tried to at all, at least in so brief a space.

The task is impossible, though not because of some magnificent diversity in our national character—I agree

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with Dr. Commager that the pressure to conformity in expression, if not in thought, is stronger in the United States than in most western countries, and perhaps dangerously so. It is impossible because the diversity in any country or any community is too great for a simple pen portrait. I am prepared to believe that nervous breakdowns are now more common among journalists and the wives of successful entrepreneurs than they were seventy years ago; I would be surprised if this is true of corn-belt farmers. No doubt there are homes where gadgets have become so numerous, as Professor Commager suggests, as to defeat their purpose. There are also many wives who, because of washing machines, electric irons, and better stoves, are no longer worked-out hags at thirty.

Professor Commager asserts that "few Americans of the twentieth century found time to live as spaciously as had their ancestors of a century earlier." The comparison may be admitted for those in the top ten per cent of the income brackets in Boston, Philadelphia, and New York. It would be hard to say that life for the coal miner, needleworker, or farmer has become less spacious in the last hundred years. In comparing the robust nineteenth century and the insecure twentieth, it is important to recall that great economic groups were excluded from Commager's nineteenth-century universe by voiceless servitude and poverty. Vulgar tastes become apparent only when there are means to gratify them. Mental breakdowns become noticeable, at least in part, when physical breakdowns become exceptional.

But the author's fault lies in the attempt itself, not in errors of execution. The behavior and attitudes of a community are not susceptible to easy generalizations. A wise and skillful man like Professor Commager can clothe them with a certain plausibility. But the component of error will always be greater than that of truth. The very notion of an American Mind or, for that matter, of an English, Dutch, New Zealand, or Ethiopian Mind, is an absurd abstraction. It does not advance the truth, not even in the gentle seminars or the freshman survey courses where it flourishes. It only compels inexcusable generalization.

—J. K. Galbraith

To Man's Measure . . .

A Man Who Feared Us

Emmanuel Mounier, editor of the French magazine *Esprit*, died last month in Paris. He was a very close friend, and if this note could be the customary tribute—but there is a reason why it cannot—it would go back to the days before the war when *Esprit* was founded, in 1932. It would describe the green postcards on which Mounier wrote incessantly, and often illegibly, to his authors, suggesting a dozen story ideas at a time—"or perhaps you had better make it a book; we will publish the book." It would explain *Esprit's* policy on payments to these authors: If Mounier knew that a man had three small children, no house to live in, and nothing to eat, he would pay him about a dollar for a thousand words; if a man had only two children, and had been seen bringing home a loaf of bread a month before, he would be paid in the immaterial currency of friendship.

If this could be simply the tribute we should like to pay to a great editor, it would show Mounier in the back room of a Paris café, or under the trees in the countryside outside Paris, presiding over the annual assembly of these writers and friends of the magazine. They came from all the French cities and towns, from Belgium and Switzerland; there were anti-fascist exiles from Spain, Germany, Italy; and in the period between the wars, but not knowing that the period had a name, they prepared a revolution that would be "personalist and communitarian."

These modern thinkers had got hold of an old idea: that governments and institutions exist for the welfare of the individual and not the other way round. Since most of them had been through the philosophy mill of the French university, they defined and redefined the idea in manifestoes, articles, and speeches, but the technical verbiage did not obscure the value of what they sought.

They had teams of specialists, doctors, bankers, manufacturers, working hard to show specifically how a doctor, a banker, a manufacturer would act differently if he were a personalist. Personalism did not like to think of itself as a moral movement, but it was.

The war put an end to all that. Mounier tried to keep going under Vichy but went to jail for not liking anti-Semitism. After the war, the magazine was caught up in what it persisted in thinking of as the Russian-American dilemma. That is why this cannot be a simple tribute.

When a French anti-Communist is anti-American too, it may not be generous but all you can say is that his mind is governed by the usual fear. Yet with Mounier it could not have been that. He said what he thought and it did not matter to him when the Communists seemed to agree—and it worried him only a little more when the extreme right seemed to agree. He was not afraid of guilt by association. He was not a narrow French nationalist; he was a good European. He did not shudder when he saw a German. Then why did he fear us?

A certain type of good European is isolationist through fear of seeing Europe made into a battleground. We can understand that fear, although we must feel that a European should, and probably will, come to fear enslavement more. What Mounier feared was something else. You can call it material greatness, the weight of wealth. He feared the caricature of American strength.

He was always too poor, too busy to travel; he never came to America; he never knew us. Had he known us he would also have known that we shared his fears—just as if we were Europeans. We never would have understood the words he used, but he would have found that personalism, perhaps without that or any name, is an American tradition and purpose. He would have found that Europe can work with us. For we too fear at times that the city may overrun the countryside. —Gouverneur Paulding

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ACCUSATION: Whittaker Chambers identifying the mysterious J. Peters (standing, right)

CONFESSION TIME: Elizabeth Bentley testifying before Senator Homer Ferguson's subcommittee

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NEXT ISSUE

U.S. POLICY FOR PEACE

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